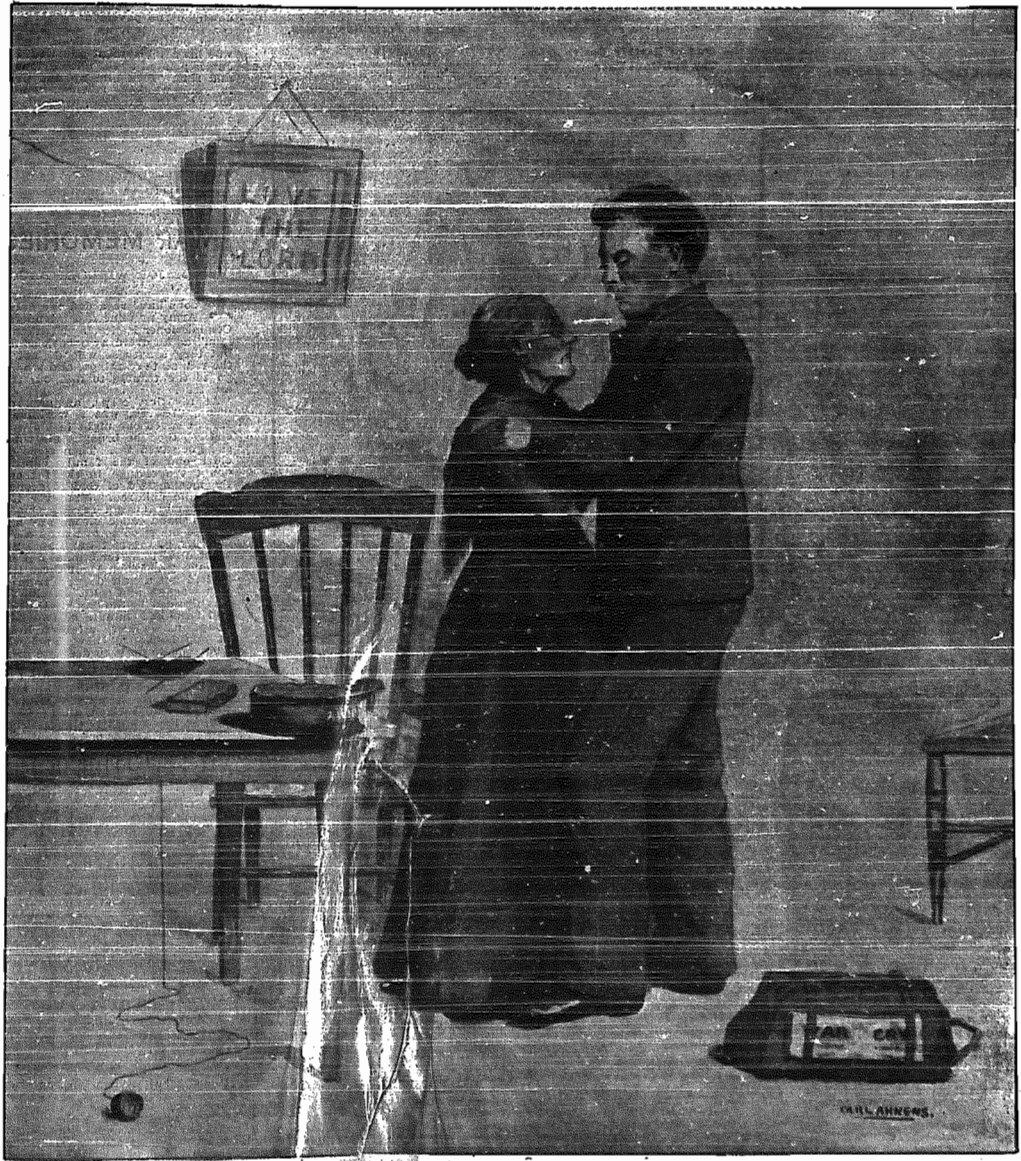


SIEGE CALL FOR CANDIDATES COMMENCES TO-DAY.
THE ALTAR FOR LIVES Read the Chief of the Staff's Appeal on page 8. **WANTED, 1,000 LIVES!**

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Vol. III. No. 47. [**WILLIAM BOOTH**
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] **MAY 14, 1898.** [**EVANGELINE BOOTH**
Commissioner.] Price 5 Cents.
Published at Toronto, from the Territorial Headquarters for Canada, North-West America, Newfoundland and the Bermudes.



OFF TO THE TRAINING HOME.
"Farewell, Mother! I'm 'Going to be an Officer in the Army."

Our holiness Column

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

THERE are no errors so fatal as those pertaining to the spirit, and there are no spiritual errors so disastrous as those concerning the nature of prayer and faith. Strike off the leaves and blossoms of a tree, and the tree will wither again; but strike at the root and the whole will utterly fall.

The building can be no stronger than its foundation. It matters not how well it is built; if the basis is unsuitable the whole must inevitably fall. The true foundation of prevailing prayer has been laid by God's power, other than that will love, but shifting soil when the storm of God's judgments are sweeping round the earth. Then woe to that house when the walls are wood, hay, and stubble; suddenly shall it fall, burying its inhabitants with shame and confusion. This foundation is the Holy Ghost.

"For we know not how to pray as we ought, but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."—Rom. viii, 26 (R.V.).

No prayer can be an odor of sweet smell to God unless it has first been mingled with

The Sweet Incense of His Spirit;

and no prayer can endure unto the Great Day of Account unless salted with this Divine Unction. If your building is to be immortal it must be built on the truest Spirit. If you desire that at the Last Day your life may be found unimpaired, you must first "hid with Christ in God." You must first see that the Holy Ghost is hidden in your life, for nothing can be hidden in God which has not been inspired by God, and nothing can find its way to God which came not out from God.

Perhaps you believe that man cannot pray without the Holy Ghost; but it is equally true that

Man Cannot Have the Holy Ghost Without Prayer.

The stream which flows from the Throne of God is inexhaustible while you continually draw from it, but if you neglect it, it will quickly fail you. God gives grace for grace. It is the grace of man to strive to be like God; it is the grace of God to give him the grace. Man can increase in the fullness of the Holy Spirit only as he increases the fullness of his own spirit. If you draw near to God in the full measure of your spirit, He will draw near to you with a greater measure of His Spirit. This is the vital hinge upon which the great door of destiny is hung. Draw near the flesh, and you shut the door against the Spirit;

Deny the Flesh, and You Open the Door to the Spirit.

and to God. Indulge the flesh, and the walls of carnal desires will contract upon the Spirit and smother it; crucify the flesh, and the Spirit will immediately leap forth and cry out for God.

"The flesh denied is Spirit gain; The crucified shall life obtain; They lose it who to save it seek, But he that gives his life does keep."

"The only part of man's nature which can make him rich toward God is his spirit."

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

God is not the price of our flesh, but the Father of our spirits.

"The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth, for such doth the Father seek who are His worshippers."—John iv, 23 (R. V.).

"The spirit of man has been termed 'the capacity for God,' because it is the only soil in which the Holy Spirit can operate. It has been likened unto the earth into which God cast that seed which alone brings forth holiness and righteousness of life. In one instance the seed was denied development because the spiritual earth was choked up with stones of 'fleshly habits.' In another the soil was of 'earthly desire' and was allowed to spring up with the wheat of 'holy desire,' but the weed, being of more rapid growth, quickly supplanted the wheat."

It has been said that we are on the eve of one of the greatest revivals that the world has known. If this is so it must be because we are on the eve of learning that

Man is not Only Flesh and Blood, but that He is a Spirit.

and that as a spirit, it is his first and greatest duty to develop his spiritual nature, or he will never obtain that fervent and effectual prayer which availeth much.

It is a solemn truth, and one well worthy of our most reverent meditation, that the true spiritual nature is accessible to the Holy Spirit in that of the Heaven-born medium—the spirit of

man. "The Spirit of God straitened in us, He is straitened in us. He is unable to work miracles and mighty wonders? It is because of our unbelief. Yes, if we only had a grain of true faith, as a grain of mustard seed, the Holy Spirit would so develop it and work through it that at least nothing should be impossible unto us."

"When can we begin this work of enlargement? Not until the bias of evil has been utterly destroyed."

There Must be no Quarter for Sin.

Both Amalek himself and all that he has must be slain. The least compromise with sin will be as a breach in the wall through which the enemy will again find an entrance.

There are no twilights in the Kingdom of God. If you are an inhabitant of this Kingdom you are in the light; if you are not in the light, you are surely not in the Kingdom where "their sun shall no more go down, neither shall their moon withdraw itself for ever." Let it be settled for all time that no such experience as walking in the light can be possible while the black veil of sinful indulgence is spreading itself like a funeral pall over the vision of the soul.

If thou would'st escape the condemnation received by those blind leaders who snared their disciples into the pits of their own folly, thou must

Wash the Mud of Earthly Desire from Thy Spiritual Eyes

In the pool which is called "Sent."



"'Mister, Your Signboard has Fallen Down,' said James, Pointing to the Drunken Man in the gutter."

Mortify, therefore, your members which are upon the earth, that the spirit, being at liberty, may rise up into the heavenly places and take hold of God. Do this, and God will surely add His approving seal, by giving you the unction of His Spirit, that you may have power with Him and prevail.

300 people knelt at our penitent forms in the Eastern Province for salvation during the month of March, and a net increase of 17 soldiers was made.

Captains McDevan, Bishop, Tilley Prince, and Lieutenants Mowbray and Burrows, all of the Eastern Province, are on furlough through ill health.

✠ ✠ ✠

We have just concluded the G. B. M. Box collection in this city, and find it a decided improvement over the last. Thank God there are a few sympathetic hearts in Guelpy who feel for those who cannot help themselves, and feel that the Social Work of the Salvation Army is the most humanitarian work the Army is performing. We have also got two new agents appointed, Sister Louie Scott and Ethel Smith. We have also got a number of new box holders this quarter, who have promised to contribute their mite to help the fallen. The prospects of the G. B. M. in Guelpy are very encouraging, for which we thank God and pray on—Walter Scott, Local Agent.

LIFE AND LABORS OF

James Dowdle
COMMISSIONER.

A Biography.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

FRESH impetus was now given to the work by the opening of another hall—the time of barracks was not yet—in the most neglected part of the town. Gamblers, fighters, blasphemers, and sinners of the deepest dye were turned right-about-face, and in their turn, became saviours of men. Notable amongst such was the son of a railway contractor at Tottenham. He had come from London on a drunk-and-spreed, and after spending three days drinking, sought and found deliverance at the Army penitentiary form. After his conversion he decided to settle in Middlesbrough, and accordingly sent for his wife. Then he, with several other comrades, made a list of the

Names of Forty Reprobates

who were vile as sin could make them; for those they held a special Sunday morning prayer meeting to plead for their salvation. In addition to this

after contemplating the beautiful pictures on the walls, exclaimed, "Loosen the nails from the wall, Loosen everything that is holding our brother back from this service!" "Ah, men, let it all go! let the others fervently ejaculated—all but the party most concerned. "Oh, no!" he shouted—"not the clock!"

Sears the Clock?

He had won this piece of furniture at a raffle, and did not want to lose it.

The struggle was long and desperate, but one by one his treasures were yielded, and, with hearts untampered, husband and wife proceeded to their appointment. Captain and Mrs. Dowdle became most successful winners, and were well-known throughout the British Field.

One day James Dowdle was passing a public-house from which a goodly number of his converts had been drawn, when he noticed

A Terrific and Disgusting Sight.

A poor, sodden, flabby fellow had been made really ill by the "bill" he had swallowed, and had fallen in a heap on the pavement outside.

"Mister," said James, entering the public-house, "your sign has fallen down on the pavement. You'd better come and pick it up."

Out bustled a policeman, but great was his astonishment and wrath when James pointed to the unconscious heap, and said, "Pick him up and put him in your window, labelled, 'Manufactured on the Premises at Pourance a Pot!'"

This incident got noised abroad, and many, recognizing the justice of Dowdle's remark, became interested in the work he was doing and came to see it for themselves.

(To be Continued.)

WAR MEMORIES.

By MAJOR WILLIAM BUAH.

I HAVE no doubt that many persons have regarded the Salvation Army as unneeded intruders, and Commissioner Kailton's "Heavenly Engine" as an overdone and needless fiction, but they are those who do not know the real state of things, and who won't go to the trouble to find out if they are true.

At my first corps, amongst others who got saved, was a working man. He got saved one night in his working clothes, then he brought his wife, and she got saved too. Then some of the older end of the family came. No doubt the change in the father was the means used of God to arouse the wife and children. Whatever it was, they came and got saved. One night the husband called on me and said he wanted me to come to tea on a certain day, he had something important he wanted me to do for him, so I promised I would go. When I got there I found he had got a half day off from work, was washed and with all the family was dressed in Sunday best. When I had been in a minute or two he said, "Captain, we have been here at our house till now, and what I want you to do is to dedicate me, wife, and all the children to God."

It was a new experience, yet I did it. I read a chapter, got them all kneeling round the room, prayed with them, then dedicated them all to God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Then we had our tea. It was one of those blessed days that a field officer often looks back with joy upon, and praises God for the glorious work he is doing in the Salvation Army of helping bring the world to Jesus.

That man, as far as I can learn, has been a good and noble treasurer of the corps, and is respected by all who know him as a faithful, reliable Christian. He, his wife and family have never been away from the corps, can give sweetest pleasure while they live, and are going on to prove that it is salvation must supply solid comfort. When they read the reader of this narrative would be insulted if called a heathen, but anyhow don't forget that to know the scriptures will, and do so, means to be beaten with many stripes.

Hustle the Paper War.

SINCE Kitty Courage undertook the Hustlers' Column in the Young Soldier there has been an enormous addition to the number of names of Young Soldier-sellers. We want to develop the war spirit in our Junior Soldiers, and invite the Paper War Office to push to the front the particular phase of the war and encourage the children to do it and do exploits for God. We paragraph the paper the children will, to send this the names of all hustlers are sent us.

The Brilliant Fight of the General's Deceit-Daring Tour.

NEW YORK IS SHAKEN BY HIS MAJESTY AND HIS SOUL-STIRRING GATHERINGS.

Meetings on a Wave of Loving Enthusiasm and Holy Fervor—A Harvest of Souls.



ARNEGIE MUSIC HALL is an old-time camping-ground of the Salvation Army.

The grandly successful meeting which occurred here was accepted by one and all as a good omen of the whole campaign, and, as it afterwards turned out, quite wisely so. It gave the General a good start, and it has often been remarked, is frequently as good as half the battle fought and half the victory won.

The General was in excellent spirits as he received and responded to the vociferous welcome accorded him by the assembled staff and employees at National Headquarters at the termination of his Buffalo visit on Monday last. On the morning of the following day the General addressed the pastors of Greater New York, in the chapel of Union Theological Seminary, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., president of the Seminary, in the chair. It is not wide of the mark to say that the clergy here assembled formed one of the most attentive and responsive audiences the General has met upon the entire tour. It was a case of

"Wholesale Capture."

But to return to the Carnegie. At 8 o'clock, 8 p.m. drew near it was plainly a case of how low the audience—particularly the platform—could restrain itself. The General, attended by the Commander and Consul and Staff, made his way to the platform. The explosion of feeling which followed could not be controlled. The platform was a sight of sights! Officers and bandages had squeezed themselves into all kinds of uncomfortable postures in order to obtain sitting accommodation. Be-starred and white founts in the air, the General, a liberal sprinkling of the packed mass. White - aproned Salvation nurses formed a picturesque group in one corner. D. O's from everywhere in the country were present, while a patch of bright vermillion and a broad expanse of umbrella betokened the presence of the inevitable Joe the Turk.

As the Commander asked the question in the song, "Will you not enlist with me and a gallant soldier be?" thundered out, "Sure!"

More applause followed, for the sentiment was universal one. Silence was at last obtained by the announcement of prayer by the Consul.

The Commander, in his introductory address, said: "New York comes last it is by no means least. The campaign now drawing to a close has linked our hearts to yours, General, and we want you to know that a magnificent panorama of successful events from the time the President so graciously received you, to the time you stood on this platform. Of the strain of 117 meetings you have conducted in our city, more are being held, nor of the 165,000 people you have faced in the largest and most splendid buildings which could be presented for your gathering, nor of the 240 miles you have travelled in the prosecution of this tour. In the sixty-third year of your life you have gone through as much as many men in a lifetime. From the bottom of our hearts, General,

We Thank You for It.

We have come near to breaking one of the commandments in envying Boston the privilege of celebrating your sixty-third birthday. Never mind! We will never be able to do that.

"We thank God for the 1,200 souls who have fallen at the Mercy Seat during your tour. We love you, General, and we want you to know that our Salvationist hearts have been linked to yours as never before. God bless you, General!"

The meeting then handed over to the chairman of the evening, Bishop Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of whom a true and hearty welcome was given by the Commander, and heartily given.

The Bishop remarked, humorously: "What shall one do that comes after the King?" The reverend gentleman then launched forth into a lengthy and interesting summary of the General's life, which was frequently applauded. Everyone rose to their feet, waved flags, song-sheets and bandannas, halloved, cheered, bawled, whistled, and howled, whilst those who were fortunate enough to possess brass instruments only saved their throats and lungs at the expense of the ear-drums of the audience when the General rose. The General wonderfully warmed up to his subject. He simply poured out his soul upon the audience, backing home his conclusions with an abundance of facts, catchy illustrations from actual life which could not fall of their mark.

"Which way is it coming?" "Which way is he coming?" This question in its two forms was repeated over and over by the constantly increasing crowd in Union Square on Saturday afternoon before the arrival of the Army's March Past.

The General took his position at the front of the general, in Union Square, on Saturday afternoon before the arrival of the Army's March Past. The infantry came on in good order behind.

Several of the Chief Divisional Officers were on horseback, but others were in the ranks, leading on the other officers and the soldiers. As these Salvationists approached the grand stand, they waved their caps and saluted the General. He, in turn, sent back a greeting of appreciation.

There was a great waving of flags and a great playing of music. The drum corps rose distinctly the voices which signalled the approach of one of the most touching features of the march. The first float was one filled with Junior Soldiers, whose

Outland Voices Called Out, "God Bless the General!"

even before they reached the place where he stood.

More officers on foot followed. After that came a second float, called the "Prisoners of War," representing the way in which some branches of the Social department seek to uplift those who are lowest down who are willing to work on the road. Here were Salvationists most busily employed in showing their men the mysteries of paper-sorting, while on the outer highway the band played the encouraging sign, "Waste of the Home. Giving Work to the Unemployed."

The German contingent showed up well.

After these came the float of the Knights of Hope, showing our Prisoners of War, and the float of the men in their cells, and in this way preparing them for the branch represented by the previous float. The float of the last float, on which a trained nurse was seen bandaging a wounded arm, and the float of the very way of spite of the awkward shaking produced by the movement of the wagon over the cobblestones.

Of course the central point of the whole open-air encampment was the address of the General to his troops and friends. It was short, but it was very good. It was a case of "see you. As I look at your faces I feel that I have

Good Reason to be Proud of You.

as soldiers and warriors. You are enlisted in a holy war, pledged to fight against sin and the world and all the devil; pledged to fight against the sin of your fellow-men. Fight on! May you be a power of blessing, not only to America, but also to the whole world. God bless the whole world! And God bless everybody who is trying to do good!

Commander Booth-Tucker remained to carry on the evening work, and the review; that is, the open-air meeting. There were some especially interesting side-lights to this meeting. One was the early departure of the police department. The march, as it start-

ed from the junction of Forty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, was preceded by a force of twelve men from the street-cleaning department. Each man was provided with a new, spotless white bag for the collection of refuse, and the little group was accompanied by a light cart into which the bags were emptied along the route. Surely this is a most encouraging sign when even the city police make arrangements to prepare the way for the feet of the saints!

Sunday dawned in a tearful mood, as if realizing that it was to be the last Sabbath of our brave old leader's presence in America. Nevertheless, as if to hearten us with the reminder that, please God, we shall have him with us again, on a happy day to come, the sun peeped occasionally through the canopied clouds, and for a couple of hours of mid-morning held back the showers.

When the General stepped forward, it was with a most gentle and pleasant face. For an hour he enlarged upon a brief text as few men could have done from an entire chapter.

He then spoke with a very pathetic, subdued personality, our great-hearted old hero began to direct the attention of men and women to their souls. Here and there was a quick, sharp, smothered sob, a painful movement. The General, inconceivably fatigued by moment the number increased until at the close of the meeting twenty-four souls had found the verification of that blessedness of which the General spoke.

Only a few moments and then a man came forward. Hallelujahs! A woman quickly followed. Another.

A third. Two men. A fourth woman. And then, the Spirit of God sweeping impetuously over the audience, moment by moment the number increased until at the close of the meeting twenty-four souls had found the verification of that blessedness of which the General spoke.

It was then that Commissioner Nicol, unimpaired of propriety and ardor, **Weakness of the Dignity of a Minister,**

calling upon the audience to testify their satisfaction by jumping, himself performed the hallelujah satiation in presence of an astonished people.

The sun, out but an hour, promptly withdrew, and three hours later there boomed a tremendous thunderstorm.

The rattle and roar of the storm had died off into the usual silence of a city Sunday by 3 o'clock.

Happily, the first two or three hours of the afternoon were sufficiently quiet to encourage a large number of people to make the venture. The Academy of Music is a huge auditorium, huge enough to accommodate a large number of people, even to the floor, even to the walls of the foyer, the family circle and the proscenium.

The General, thoroughly filled when the Commander gave out the opening song. When the General sprang forward—he never merely steps forward; he leaps forward with a wonderful eagerness always in the movement, the audience seemed for a time unwilling that he should enter upon his address, but it was with a cordial and most kindly willingness.

A summary of one of the General's addresses is always impossible for two reasons: first, the address is so present in itself be summarized; and again, because one always gets so enthralled with the speaker's words, one forgets altogether the necessity of taking notes.

In this instance the General delivered himself so searchingly personal and intimate, warning against disobedience to God that many of the present trembled before him. Never during the series of meetings has the General been so powerful, so fervent, so tender, more convincing. As he spoke, the great dun-colored clouds outside rolled up from the South and a furious, sharp,

Thunder-storm Burst Over the City.

The rain, beat with tremendous impetus upon the great hollow roof of the theatre, and the thunder roared and reverberated with majestic mutterings, but it is doubtful if the great majority

of the audience heard or noticed the storm at all.

Amid a silence so dramatic, so intense that the drip of water from the eaves of the building could be heard by those at the side of the great hall, while the comrades were lifting their hearts to God in mute supplication a middle-aged man, far back in the centre of the orchestra, arose and walked deliberately down the long aisle to the extemporized penton form.

Within a surprisingly few minutes others, both men and women, of various ranks, had spread themselves over the great room, and it was but a short time before a "Hallelujah!" here and there told of a conquest won and another hesitating soul encouraged to seek freedom.

It was close upon 5:30 when at length Colonel Lawley pronounced the dimity benediction. Jesus Christ was triumphant. Twenty-one souls had found release from sin.

"As it was in the days of Noe," so it was at night. The windows of heaven were open, and the rain had come down upon the earth all day.

Again the Academy of Music was to be the centre of a great action, with the General leading. Again, at an hour far in advance of the time appointed the doors were to be open for the creatures of earth to pass into safety from the elements, the crowd began to surge about the front entrance, beneath the sheltering porch of the opera house.

By 8 o'clock the floor and first gallery were well filled; a fact, considering the disagreeableness of the weather, that ought to have surprised every body lacking faith. There was no question but that pretty much everybody felt the dampening effects of the rain. Most of them were evidently wet or somewhat uncomfortable, and this first promised anything but enthusiasm for the meeting to come.

However, some spirit came into things with the arrival of the General; and the centre of the great action of him; they cheered and warmed up.

His address throughout was thrilling; at times thrilling in tenderness and compassion, at times again thrilling like the gleam of a sword, as he divided the truth and cut right and left.

Not only was he master of his text throughout his discourse, but he was also master of the hearts of his listeners. He carried their judgment and sympathy with him.

He Turned Back Upon Against Them.

Deep conviction prevailed and the strictest attention was given throughout.

It seemed the end there was such an immovable silence in the congregation that the people looked like so much stubble in a field after the reaper has finished his work.

Shortly after nine o'clock a penton form was raised on the stage and the prayer meeting commenced.

The close of the battle for souls it was found that forty-three craft had changed their sailing colors. Instead of flying the red flag of rebellion against God, these all first hailed up the white flag of truce and then made a total surrender.

The fourth battle for souls in New York City, in connection with the General's visit, began vigorously on Monday morning, in Memorial Hall.

As the General took up his position on the platform he was greeted by a mighty shout of joy from the large audience, which was met by the gratifying by the terrific blare of brass and crash of drums.

Our beloved General, through whom we have received so much inspiration and blessing during the past week, stepped to the front and expressed his delight in the great spiritual results of yesterday.

"It was a good day," he said, "and we ought to be glad." "Amen!" responded the audience, and the General, with a smile, and blessed for similar victories to-day.

It was marvellous to behold our dear General in our midst.

As Flery and as Elloquent as Ever.

after his exhaustive campaign of yesterday, and hundreds of blood-washed hearts expressed their attitude to God for such a leader by firing a tremendous volley before he began his address. The Commander promptly opened with a song "On the Cross," but at the second verse the General relieved him and lived it out himself, and then urged the audience to sing as they were expected to sing at the Metropolitan Opera. Hushed on the next night. It seemed as if the General was more than in his preceeding meetings here, and took hold of things from the outset. As he opened up with his discourse the audience became hushed and still in their intense interest that their forms and faces looked as if they were painted on a wall or canvas.

"Examine yourself this very Monday morning," said the General. "Were you ever converted, or are you a make-believe? Convert to a thing that doesn't take place when a man is asleep. Oh, that some people would give up their professions! Who are wanted in New York are men and women who have been washed in the Blood and who will testify to the fact."

The General threw the whole energy into the subject, and tears and conviction were plentiful before he finished his final appeal to those who had been delivered to him who is able to save His people from their sins.

It required scarcely a word of urging for the first one, a man who rushed down from the gallery before the first chorus had been sung once through. He was the first to stand up and someone soon shouts. Then an officer says, "Do you see that man the Major is dealing with?" pointing to a form at the front. Sent.

"Yes."

"He has been

A Morphin Fiend for Seven Years.

He showed me his arm: it is covered with scars; but he is desperate for salvation, and I believe for him."

We cannot attempt to describe the glorious scene of the street meeting under the management of Commissioner Nicol. Twenty-eight had been registered before the meeting adjourned, and some had become a giddy heaven to our souls.

Monday afternoon's meeting was another triumph. The body of the church was filled, and here they come till row after row in the capacious balcony is taken. "The General is a great blessing to us as he is the street meeting gives to all classes who make up his audiences," I hear two staff officers saying to each other.

"The General is still the marvel and his unflinching attitude an example of DIVINE healing in its highest form."

The Possibilities of Faith

is the General's theme, and his heart is becoming fired as he proceeds with his subject. He seems to realize that this is his last opportunity to deal with an audience of such a size in New York, and he is crowding in not only the main truths, but the side truths as well.

After the service the faithful people from had been faithfully dealt with, amid scenes of indescribable joy and enthusiasm, the meeting came to a conclusion in the Memorial Hall, in the National Headquarters, on Monday night witnesses the last salvation meeting of the General.

"From my weary heart the burden rolled away was rolling away when I felt a thirty-five percent increase in the number of penitents came, until the figures reached thirty-seven, and then the meeting was brought to a close in a novel and enthusiastic manner."

Dr. Cortland Myer's spacious church was well filled with a Scandinavian-American congregation for the General's meeting this morning. Scandinavian comrades—a happy throng, as the General humorously remarked. The prayer was addressed to the Scandinavian people, and the General's sentence for sentence, by Brigadier Scott, a task that proved very difficult, seeing it was impossible for the English to understand their own enthusiasm at the General's hits, and the translations were therefore often drawn in by the speaker.

The spirit of the meeting rose and rose until the white-hot point was reached in the prayer meeting. It was

One of Dancing

—In heaven and on earth. We venture to say that the church has seldom, if ever, witnessed such a sight. Here came a Danish band, a Swedish Finnish; the Swedes and Norwegians forgot their national differences, joined hands and hearts and danced for joy, while one after another came forward,

till the names registered had reached the glorious total of twenty-one.

A vast deal of importance in connection with the General's New York campaign, the officers and soldiers' councils. Too much could not be said or written about them were the subjects discussed of a nature to directly concern the reading public. It was a treat of treats to sit in three daily sessions during the major portion of a week with ears, brains and hearts open to their full capacity to absorb the counsel and instruction of a veteran whose life and actions said "Amen" in every sentence uttered. God bless the General! A wholesale quickening cannot but be the great result. New measures of attack were suggested on the board, and new light shed on the handling of old measures. Commissioner Nicol, who is in constant touch with the General, and the continuing hold it takes on parts of the world, gives it as his opinion that the American troops, in their display of an intense desire to understand and carry out the General's desires for the salvation of the world, are among the best he has met.

GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Nellie Griffiths, of the Financial Department, to the General Secretary's Department, Territorial Headquarters.

Captain Richard Griffiths, of the General Secretary's Department, to the Finance Department, Territorial Headquarters.

Lieutenant Lemon, of the Trade Department, to the Financial Department, Territorial Headquarters.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

AMERICA AND SPAIN.

UNDER the above heading the Editorial column of the British War Cry thus speaks:—"The sympathy of this country is almost entirely with the States in this matter. The long-drawn-out agony of Cuba, the monstrous and fiendish proceedings of the Spanish troops, and the total failure of Spain to establish any government on the Island but the government of a slaughter-house, fills us with horror, and makes us, who love God, long for the deliverance of the suffering people. And yet we hate war. It is so often a remedy worse than the disease. While, therefore, there is a chance of peace, let us cry mightily to God to deliver Cuba without this horrid alternative of organized murder by land and sea, with all its dreadful consequences of distress and hatred of the future."

"But what a lesson the success of the Cuban Rebel, affords in the possibilities of reckless and daring fighting! Against all the armies and riches of the Spanish Empire, this handful of men have waged a ceaseless conflict, until they have not only secured the sympathy of the American people, but the attention, and in a certain way, the help of the whole world for their little island. 'Let us be free, or die!' they say, and though they are far off, in the most unhealthy region, earth—poor, and hated, and tortured, and starved-it looks as though they are about to win a right to respectation and dying love of the same sort in the Battle for Souls, in the great rebellion against sin, and lust, and hell, and hate, and selfishness: God help us!"

There is a most real and increasing union of hearts amongst us. We suffer with, and for, each other. These deep sorrows realize how real is the comradeship of the Army. Bandman Liddle writes the Editor: "Dear Sir, I would like to express my deep appreciation of your kind and sympathetic letters and telegrams of condolence, on my dear wife's death, to her friends, the Staff Band for their kindness in attending the funeral, and to my dear comrade, one of the Herford corps. And I wish to express my gratitude for the through the columns of the War Cry. By so doing you will extremely oblige yours in Jesus, J. S. Liddle."

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY LIFE?

The General's Life a Demonstration of What Life is Best to Live.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY LIFE?"

To every young man, who, in the opening dawn of early manhood looks forth with anything of hope towards the future, such a question as the foregoing is almost sure to arise.

Perhaps to some it will come with stronger emphasis than ever before on Candidates' Sunday, when the ALTAR FOR LIVES is erected and young men are invited to lay themselves on that Altar, for life's sake.

In the hope that some may be by them helped to a right decision, these lines are sent forth. May God make them effective for good.

We make bold to state that there is a life—a life well-known to the world—a life which has long been subjected to the very fullest public scrutiny—which demonstrates what really is THE VERY BEST WAY OF SPENDING YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

We admit that it is a very great thing to say to the thousands of young men and women of the continent—who are engineering their path to the heights of success—we can show you the right way to spend your life to the greatest advantage, and in the most permanently satisfactory way, nevertheless, we are so sure of our ground—so certain of the things that we want to consider what we say, and it our premises be correct, then a convincing case for our judgment in this all-important matter.

The life we refer to is that of William Booth, General of the Salvation Army. Fifty-three years ago he started out to seek the salvation of men. The desire for the salvation of the world became the all-absorbing passion of his life and he has shaped his course consistently with that purpose till the present day when we celebrate the thirty-ninth birthday of his truly blessed and blessing life.

Speaking of the beginning of his purpose came—the time of his conversion to God, at the age of fifteen, when he made the decision to live on this pattern, he says "I felt that I ought not only to cease doing the things that were displeasing to God, and to embrace with gratitude all the beauty and blessedness which God had put within into my heart and life, but that I ought to devote myself, with all my powers, and all my might, to that course of action which would be most likely to advance His honor and carry out His wishes on earth."

"The doing of this of myself to advance to the uttermost of my ability the highest interests of my fellow-men."

Here we see the foundation principles of this remarkable life—1. Abstinence from wrong doing. 2. A state of yieldingness to God. 3. A whole-hearted consecration to seeking the highest interests of men. This latter, it may be mentioned, is an almost constant refrain in his life carrying out of the first and second.

Further on in the same article from which we have quoted, the General tells how the Poverty and Social Miseries of the People oppressed him; he tells how the sight of them wallowing in drunkenness and debauchery grieved his soul, and how he saw that much of the people's misery was increased and perpetuated the same as those to whom which they were burdened, till he even despaired of helping them in this world and said, "If we cannot do for drunkards and rebels in this life, let us do it in the next life for eternity." Later on, however, he found that the miseries from which he sought to save men in the next world were substantially the same as those from which he found them suffering in this, and that they proceeded from the same cause—that is, from man's alienation from and rebellion against God, and from his own disordered dispositions and appetites.

He says, "I saw that these made his outward hell—the hell of poverty, drunkenness, debauchery, crime, slavery, war and every other form of outward misery."

I perceived, also, that these things produced the inward hell of ungodliness, lust, passion, jealousy, envy, pride and

guilt and the fear of death and judgment, and that from them would spring what we call the evils in the coming world, which would be the result of the wrath of God, the loss of hope and companionship of friends.

"But with this, there was another, which was even more growing and growing, in clearness and intensity from that hour to this, which was that I had discovered the utterance to the Gospel for each world, or rather one Gospel which applied alike to both. I saw that when the Bible said, 'He that believeth shall be saved,' it meant not only saved from the miseries of the future world, but from the miseries of this also. That it came with the promise of salvation here and now, from hell, and sin, and vice, and crime, and idleness, and extravagance, and consequently very largely from poverty, and disease, and the majority of kindred woes."

"Now," I shouted, "I have found a remedy indeed! Now, I saw that the work that Jesus Christ came to accomplish—that He was manifested to the world, to deliver it from the souls of men, and from the works of the devil in the present time, and to set up in the soul the kingdom of heaven, had been found."

"And I said to myself, and I have been saying to others ever since, Christ is the Deliverer for time as well as for eternity. He is the Jesus who leads men in our own day out of the wilderness into the Promised Land, as His forerunner did the Children of Israel thousands of years ago. He is the Messiah who brings glad tidings to the world, to open the prison doors, to set men free from their bonds, to bring the blind to see, and to make them have liberty, gladness, here and now, through Him, and WILLING THEM TO ACCEPT OF LIFE TO HIM FOR THE DELIVERANCE THAT HE CAME TO BRING."

Here we have, direct from the General himself, the real inside working of his mind. As to the results we need not speak—the world knows them, admits their blessed reality, and from an attitude of cold criticism, contempt, and in many cases, downright opposition, has veered completely round to an attitude of universal appreciation and approbation thereof.

We affirm that a life lived on any other basis, or for any other aim could not have been as profitable to the General or to the world. Had the General made it his first business to make money, he would have sought to make money to help the poverty-stricken, or that he tried to alleviate men's pains of body by benevolence, he would have sought for a moment venture to say that he could have done as much good as he did by going to the root of their sorrows—their relation against God!

The world has given its verdict over and over again. We will quote from the highest of these. In the Press of this and other countries, just a few extracts from a lengthy article by a writer in the "Lancet" of the 10th of April 1903, say:

"If we could once learn to appreciate the true ideal of life, and to comprehend the meaning of what is called human endeavor and human achievement, we should have little difficulty in placing General Booth on a high pedestal among the world's heroes."

He then compares the General to three of the great nobilities of the world—Napoleon, Lord Palmerston, President McKinley and Jay Gould, summing up thus:

"And when history comes to sum up the life of each, it will simply be that one took his place as the son of his father at the head of a nation, developed a political career, and crushed the military prestige of the empire—perhaps he may have the glory of a great war in which many thousands of men's lives were lost, and many homes made desolate. Not much that contributes to the permanent well-being of the race will be put down to his credit."

"President McKinley will be recalled in history as a man who by dint of fair abilities and clever politics, and the gift of his country, and left his country after he had held that office for a period of time about the same as his."

"Jay Gould will be placed in history as a man who by clever dealings and unscrupulous methods managed to

wring millions of dollars out of the pockets of multitudes of people in order to make himself one of the richest and most powerful plutocrats in the world.

"When General Booth has passed away his name will be recorded in history as the man who founded an organization with the loftiest possible aim, with an influence extending over the whole wide world, whose superior aim was to awaken poor degraded outcasts to a sense of their immortal destiny, to find homes for suffering multitudes, to cause the name of God to be respected in the same and the cause of humanity to be more widely recognized as the greatest aim of human endeavor. The name of General Booth will be remembered with respect and admiration when those who are now emperors, kings and potentates, arrayed in the panoply of power, will be forgotten or mentioned only as casual actors in the most commonplace drama of human action."

This is not written to eulogize our beloved General. He needs none of that. It is written, as was mentioned at the commencement, in the hope that it will help young men to make right, practical and decisive reply to the question, "What shall I do with my life?"

Some who read this may say, "But I am not a William Booth." We might as truly reply, "You do not know what you are not." You are not in embryo. Small and insignificant as the acorn is, it only needs the right environment to become a forest monarch. What we do say is, that if devoted to living out the principles of which the life of our great General is an example, you are not in embryo. MOST PROFITABLE, for time and eternity, and whether your talents be one or one hundred, your highest aspiration is to be lived for in the joy of your adoption of and adherence to those very same principles.

THE ALTAR FOR LIVES is erected. We want men for just the same kind of life the General has lived.

The General himself has beautifully marked out how to live. He is his sixty-ninth birthday celebrated—not in some huge testimonial for himself, but in an effort to secure the offering of one hundred lives to be lived for the same purpose as his own, namely, the service of God and man.

Will you be one?

Send your answer to Miss Booth, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

Territorial Headquarters Send a Loyal Farewell to the General.

ON Wednesday, April 20th, the General sailed by the S. S. Germanic, from New York, for Liverpool, England.

Just about the time the General and his staff were steaming away from New York, Colonel Jacobs, in the absence of Miss Booth, called together the members of Headquarters Staff for prayer, and a number of earnest petitions were presented to the God of all mercies on behalf of the General and those with him.

The following telegraphic message to the General was also read, and heartily endorsed by all present:

"Territorial Headquarters Staff unite in praising God for unparalleled triumphs your Canadian-American campaign, the glorious victories of which we can never forget. We pray for safe ocean journey, and that you may long be spared to prosecute the passionate yearning of your heart—the salvation of the world. Rely beloved General, on us as one in heart and purpose with you for this glorious object under the old flag—C. T. Jacobs, Chief Secretary."

Our recent cartoon—"The Death Hand of the Government"—after appearing in the Pacific Coast Cry, two of the Crya published in Europe and the Ram's horn, has now been copied in the Northern Messenger, published by the Doulos of the West. If this should meet the eyes of a Mr. Baker, who sent his Auxiliary fee to Headquarters, will he please send a card to Albert B. Toris, editor of the Northern Messenger, in which whereabouts and his proper address, so that his receipt and badge can be sent. H. I. Mr. Baker, where art thou?

THE FEED COMMISSIONER EN ROUTE TO THE KIDNAP PARTY.

Borne on the Crest of an Increasing Tidal Wave of Excitement, and Blessing, and Sympathy.

PORT ARTHUR AND RAT PORTAGE.

HE also of my life have been many," and one of them is that I have not taken any of the spoils of the many beautiful savings, interesting incidents, and other noteworthy points of this journey and the extraordinary ordinary meetings which I have had the privilege to witness. But then,

When a Reporter Gets Blessed.

he is apt to take scant notes, and when the blessing gets past the senses of the eye and ear, past the brain and mind, into the most hidden corner of the heart and the sacred recesses of the soul—even memory is apt to make light of details in its effort to retain the impression of the whole. This is my sorry plight in my effort to speak of the meetings at Port Arthur and Rat Portage.

With the echoes of the Massey Hall farewell still ringing in our ears, we boarded the West bound train at Toronto, and were joined by the party at Peterboro where they had conducted a lively and blessed meeting on the evening previous. The only incident of the journey was that Ensign Welch and little Willie were against the laws of gravity and digestion with disastrous results to their comfort.

Port Arthur people turned out well and filled the Town Hall nicely. Mayor Stark made an excellent speech, which might well be used as a model of brevity and kind sympathetic expression. Ensign Morris and Captains Leeson and Blose—the Klondike trios—sang. "Yesterday, to-day, forever Jesus is the same," which impressive song never fails to draw out the best emotions of the audience. The Commissioner was greeted with tremendous applause. Before taking up the subject of the meeting we introduced

The Latest Volunteer for the Klondike

little Willie, who, with a big brimmed felt hat, belonging to one of the party, made his debut by singing, "Let a little sunshine in. Every heart was captivated by the sweet voice of the young man, singing clearly and distinctly sung each stanza right into the affections—and who may say not also into the consciences of men and women.

The Commissioner spoke feelingly about the great care mothers should exercise in the bringing-up of the little ones and for the directing of their pliable thought into channels that lead beyond the stars to the things of everlasting beauty. Many handkerchiefs were edged with black—were employed to wipe away the tears that glistened—gushes of emotion.

Miss Booth not only spoke at length about our purpose in going to the Klondike and the existing conditions at Dawson City, but also afforded opportunity of dealing directly with the salvation of the people, striking out for the conviction and conversion of souls. The audience listened with the keenest attention: cheerful laughter responded to the occasional glimmer of humor in references to "feet like canoes" and

"Windmills of Lungs."

while tears fell unheeded from riveted eyes at more pathetic passages. There was but one opinion expressed by saint and sinner about the Commissioner's address, and that would be difficult to convey in a word—it was eloquent, inspiring, touching, high and touching deep, for it comprised as many points as could possibly be put into a brief address of "Klondike and Salvation." It was round these two centres all her remarks, illustrations and appeals revolved.

Eighty-four thousand responded to the appeal for financial assistance, and the collection and admission, with two or three promises, amounted to over \$155.

Tuesday—no trains leaving for the West on that day—we were forced to stay till Wednesday morning. The party conducted a meeting in the neighboring corps at Port William, where the Town Hall was so kindly lent us free of charge. A goodly crowd was present and all the officers of the Klondike party had a good pitch in, in a happy free-and-easy fashion. The voluntary collection counted \$21, which was very creditable indeed.

The official time of leaving Port Arthur is 2:08 a.m., therefore the Commissioner and party did not seek sleep, but punctually appeared at the station to learn that the train was one hour late, at the expiration of which another hour was spent in sitting in the dimly-lighted, but cosily-heated, waiting-room. The Commissioner sang and played the guitar, Ensign Morris executed some of his wonderful accomplishments which, like the ravelling of a thread, wind and unwind round the air of the tune, and others contributed queerly; still others listened—even a queer-looking shape lying on the floor, and having the appearance of

A Bag of Turnips

became animated, until the sack-cloth was shed and a human shape arose—to take a seat in the charmed circle of listeners. Thus was tedious delay turned into excellent profit for God and souls.

"All things come to them that wait," and so the train came to us at last, and took us to Rat Portage.

III.

"The Hospitable City." I would christen Rat Portage if it had no nickname—for the people were exceptionally kind as well as so cordially enthusiastic. They gave Miss Booth an open-hearted reception at the station. Captain Wilkins with his staff and other soldiers, had turned out in goodly numbers and marched for a welcome shout to the residence of Mr. Brighton, where the Commissioner was welcomed and who, in honor of the guest, had

Flagged His Name

with the national ensign as well as the flag with the fiery star.

The Rev. Mr. Topscott had placed his not fully completed church at the Army's disposal and most readily assented to the arrangements to make the visit a success.

When the meeting opened with the singing, "God is keeping His soldiers fighting," the church was completely packed with people. The windows were opened to ventilate the place, but were immediately filled with eager faces that jammed closely between the frames, and Major McMillan who joined us at this place—stated that they were the most fortunate of a large crowd who stood outside unable to gain admission.

Three addresses were presented to the audience, the first from the municipality, the second from the Women's Council, and the third from the ministerial association. Lastly, but not by any means the least, the Captain Wilkins on behalf of the corps spoke a few hearty, red-hot words of welcome, which the Commissioner has treasured specially in her heart, as coming from her own people.

The chairman, Mr. Barnes, delivered a few fitting remarks of introduction, calling upon the audience to stand upon their feet and give

Three Cheers for Miss Booth

This request was responded to with alacrity and fervor. Although somewhat fatigued with the journey and other duties of the day, the Commissioner rose magnificently to the occasion throughout her address held the rapt attention of her

audience as one man, and with the holy enthusiasm of her mission stamped impression upon the multitude that nothing can efface.

"It is a Record-Breaker," remarked the Minister

of the church, in speaking of the meeting and all remarks about it run in the same key. The financial result of the meeting was about \$160—well done, Rat Portage; you have done your share for the travelling expenses to the Coast of the Klondike expedition.

IV.

The Commissioner's voice has kept well in a remarkable manner, considering her recent illness. The party is merry and in proper blood-and-fire spirit. They have set their target high and nothing short of a wholehearted service for God and the salvation of men will satisfy them. Their appetite has been excellent since on this tour, which is important since it is imperative that they should be well and strong before sailing for Skagway. The Commissioner has been much cheered with all the kindness extended to her by friends and soldiers. We are off for Brandon to win—to bless—to cheer—to inspire, and to save others.

The Paris Campaign.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

Paris, Monday, 15th April.

THE SIX Weeks' Campaign in Paris, conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, has been successful beyond expectation. The first week's meetings have been very encouraging, the audiences good, and twenty-one at the Mercy Seat.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn in the Belgian "Black Country."

COMMISSIONER Booth-Clibborn had a mighty Easter Sunday at Marchiennes, when fifty-two came out for holiness and salvation. On the Sunday and Monday the Commissioner headed the soldiers in a great street campaign, part of which was conducted in pouring rain—Colonel Cosandey, Chief Secretary.

The British Self-Denial.

The spirit with which the British people took up the last Self-Denial campaign is thus referred to by the Chief-of-the-Staff:

"Next to the important increase in the amount raised this year, the most significant fact, as viewed from my standpoint, is the important increase in the spirit of self-denial, and the love with which the effort has been carried out. On every hand I see evidence of the most delightful spirit animating the whole force. Our own people, down to the youngest children, and even amongst the most poverty-stricken classes, have worked with their might, and done it as to the Lord, and believe that the degree of outside help received has also been given with great thankfulness. God's continued blessing on the Army. To raise the sum at all is a great achievement; but to raise it without complaining and burdening is greater; and to raise it so that every soldier or giver feels that he is blessed and honored in the tolling and giving is the best of all."

SIEGE CALL FOR CANDIDATES.

Burning Appeals to Field Commissioner Miss from the Provincial Leaders Throughout the Territory

SOULS ARE PERISHING! LABORERS WANTED! OUGHT YOU TO APPLY?

The Need the Call!

218 PITT ST., ST. JOHN, N.B.

My Dear Commissioner, -

Before sailing for Bermuda I am writing you a line to say how delighted I am that you have arranged for "a four weeks' Candidates' boom" in your Siege effort.

In the East here we are much in need of real, blood-and-fire, all-alive men and women as Candidates. If we had twenty more officers we could at once place them on the Field. We must have them! The War needs them! God wants them!

There are many soldiers who could offer at once, with nothing to hinder them, if they would only put themselves, their friends and their all upon the altar of sacrifice and service.

I do hope the Eastern Province will not be behind in applications. God bless you much!

Yours, pushing the "Siege"

J. S. PUGMIRE,

PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

xx

CORNER MAIN ST. AND FONSECA AVE.,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

My Dear Commissioner, -

I am very anxious to lay before you the great need that we have at the present time for officers. Could you supply me with twelve good officers at once, as I am ready to open about six places in Manitoba, North-West Territory, and North Dakota. The people of these places are crying out for us to open up, and are offering every inducement for us to send officers to their towns. I know that you are very much pressed at the present time, and I have no doubt but that there are applications coming in from other Provinces, but, if you can help us this time, I can assure you that the North-West Province will do their very best to go over their target in the Candidates' boom in connection with the present Siege.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

ALEX. McMILLAN,

PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

xx

WELLINGTON STREET,

BARRIE, ONT.

My Dear Commissioner, -

Perhaps we were never more in need of Blood-washed, Holy-Ghost-baptized warriors of the Cross than at the present moment. I often wonder why it is that we cannot get as many men and women as we need, anxious to get God's power and wisdom, and then "jump into the gaps left in our ranks by others falling out on account of home circumstances, failing health, etc.

It has always been difficult to get people to carry the cross. They see nothing but the cross, and forget the Crown and the "Well done."

How much longer will God bear with those who, seeing the golden grain of the Kingdom, and should gather it in, but stand idly by.

"Why stand idle day! Go, work in my vineyard," the Master say. He said, "Pray ye therefore of the harvest, that He may send forth laborers."

During the day our prayers be answered.

Yours truly,

MINNICE,

CAPTAIN, SEC. COMMANDER.

CORNER AND ULSTER STS.,

TORONTO, ONT.

My Dear Commissioner, -

The need for men who will dare all for Christ and the Cross is greater than ever, and on every hand the pulsing is retarded because of the many men and women who will go all for God and the Salvation Army in recognition of the people. What can be done?

I know that in our corps there are a number of intelligent and capable soldiers: who are officers, but somehow they hold back, their lives are not being used to the best for God and a dying world. All around are opportunities for extending our work, but because there is no one to send the people must go unheeded. Perhaps from your own pen may help many of these ought-to-be officers, to lay upon the altar for service, and say, "Send me." God grant that they may do so quickly.

God bless you

Your faithful servant,

HARGRAVE,

STAFF-CAPTAIN.

SQUARE, ST. JOHN, Nfld.

My Dear Commissioner, -

I have been whatever I could say or do that would impress upon the hearts and minds of the young blood on the Island, more and more some that I know would make good soldiers are holding back. If we could only get them to launch out and be wholly God's, they would be to the War. A friend of mine, an officer the other day and asked if I could place if the people in barracks. Another officer wrote me that his congregation had lost their minister and they wanted to know if the Army would open fire in their church. Another officer is sending me to send an officer to a Corps that has unsaved people have built a barracks, and then asked for

Truly, the harvest is great but the laborers are few. If you could give me any hint or make any suggestion that would help me to get these young people to decide, I shall be glad to receive them.

Yours affectionately,

J. D. SHARP.

xx

305 FERNWELL BLOCK,

SPOKANE, WASH.

My Dear Commissioner, -

Our blood is really up. We are desperate. We are in need of one hundred live, whole-hearted Candidates at once, men and women who see the need, hence the call.

Candidates who are prepared to tread Calvary's hill.

Candidates who fear not the loss of all things.

Candidates who see and hear the groans of the damned, who, as they fall over the precipice, utter shrieks of agony and blank despair.

Candidates who, seeking not their own, but the interests of Him who gave His life a ransom for many.

Fifty officers could be placed in the Field tomorrow, in this Province alone, if they were forthcoming.

At the present moment all eyes are on Alaska and the Klondike of the North. This doubly interesting part of the country could do with a dozen officers immediately to minister to the thirsty souls.

Ten more could easily be planted in the British Columbia mountains, where the craze for the gold that perisheth is about as strong as at the Klondike.

Ten more could be used in building up the Kingdom of Grace throughout the State of Montana, on mountain, plain and valley.

The wonderfully fertile State of Idaho could lay claim to ten more of these fishers of men, who, caring not for difficulties, would storm the consciences of men and proclaim to all a present salvation.

The other eight, although this is really not sufficient, could be given positions at once through Washington State to tell the sinners that Christ died for all.

After having placed this fifty as leaders of the armies of salvation we could still look on fields white unto harvest. What can we do for the first fifty?

Who will say, Here am I, send me?

They know the inducement.—Matt. x.

They know the reward.—Matt. 19:29,

Can you get some responses?

Yours in the service of the lost,

W. J. TURNER.

(Continued on page 10.)

ALL OUR CANDIDATES.

Commissioner Miss B. the Provincial Leaders Throughout the Territory

LABORERS WANTED! OUGHT YOU TO APPLY?

The Need the Call!

"Why stand idle day? Go, work in my vineyard," Master say. He said, "Pray ye think of the harvest, that He may send forth laborers."

During this our prayers be answered.

You truly,

MINNICE,

CAPTAIN, SEC. COMMANDER.

CORR. AND ULSTER STS.,
TORONTO, ONT.

My Dear Commissioner,

The need for who will dare all for Christ and the Cross than ever, and on every hand the saving is retarded because of the leading men and women who will go all for God and the Salvation Army in redemption of the people. What can be done?

I know that of our corps there are a number of intelligent and capable soldiers—wise officers, but somehow they hold back. Their lives are not being used to the best for God and a dying world. All are are opportunities for extending our work, but because there is no one to send the people must go unheeded. Perhaps from your own pen may help many of these ought-to-be officers, to lay upon the altar for service, and say, "Send me." God grant that they may do it quickly.

God bless your soul for salvation,
Your truly,

HARGRAVE,
STAFF-CAPTAIN.

SPokane, St. Johns, N.Y.D.

My Dear Commissioner,

I have been whatever I could say or do that would impress upon the hearts and minds of the young blood on the Island, more than some that I know would make out are holding back. If we could only launch out and be wholly God's, they would be to the War. A friend of mine the other day and asked if I could officer to a certain place if I could. Another officer wrote me that they wanted to know if the Army would open fire in their church. Another officer wanted to send an officer to a Corps. Another officer wanted to build a barracks, and then asked for

Truly, the harvest is great but the laborers are few. If you could give me any hint or make any suggestion that would help me to get these young people to decide, I shall be glad to receive them.

Yours affectionately,

J. D. SHARP.

xx

305 FERNWELL BLOCK,
SPOKANE, WASH.

My Dear Commissioner,

Our blood is really up. We are desperate. We are in need of one hundred live, whole-hearted Candidates at once, men and women who see the need, hence the call.

Candidates who are prepared to tread Calvary's hill.

Candidates who fear not the loss of all things. Candidates who see and hear the groans of the damned, who, as they fall over the precipice, utter shrieks of agony and blank despair.

Candidates who, seeking not their own, but the interests of Him who gave His life a ransom for many.

Fifty officers could be placed in the Field tomorrow, in this Province alone, if they were forthcoming.

At the present moment all eyes are on Alaska and the Klondike of the North. This doubly interesting part of the country could do with a dozen officers immediately to minister to the thirsty souls.

Ten more could easily be planted in the British Columbia mountains, where the craze for the gold that perisheth is about as strong as at the Klondike.

Ten more could be used in building up the Kingdom of Grace throughout the State of Montana, on mountain, plain and valley.

The wonderfully fertile State of Idaho could lay claim to ten more of these fishers of men, who, caring not for difficulties, would storm the consciences of men and proclaim to all a present salvation.

The other eight, although this is really not sufficient, could be given positions at once through Washington State to tell the sinners that Christ died for all.

After having placed this fifty as leaders of the armies of salvation we could still look on fields white unto harvest. What can we do for the first fifty?

Who will say, Here am I, send me?
They know the inducement.—Matt. x.
They know the reward.—Matt. 19:29,
Can you get some responses?

Yours in the service of the lost,

W. J. TURNER.

(Continued on page 10.)

OFF TO THE WAR!

BY THE GENERAL.

(See Frontispiece.)

IN the North of England there lived an aged couple of Salvationists who had two sons. One was a good boy—a joy to his parents and the other was a prodigal, living a profligate life away from home. To their great grief and disappointment the good boy died, and, as might have been expected, their hearts turned to the prodigal, for might he not take the place of his brother in caring for them in their old age? But there was no hope of his doing so unless he was converted, and for this event they prayed and longed with an unutterable desire.

While thus exercised, it seems that the thought was suggested to the old folks, "What if the lad does not get saved and should then be wanted for an officer? He is a promising fellow, and it might be that he himself would desire that position!" But this idea was rejected. It could not be tolerated at the moment, for they wanted him to be saved for his own sake and that he might be useful to others; but that which occupied their minds the most, when they contemplated his conversion, was the thought of his becoming a light in their little home, a comfort to their old hearts, and a barrier to the Workhouse when they were unable to toll any longer.

While praying, however, one day the old man was arrested by what at once seemed the selfishness of his desires. It was revealed to him that he was seeking the salvation of the boy mainly for the gratification of his parents, against which selfish purpose his whole soul rebelled, and at the next holiness meeting he went out to the altar and laid the boy on the altar, crying out, "Oh, Lord, You shall have him, body and soul; only save him, and send him to work with him!" Within one month, at a neighboring town, the lad was laid hold of by the Spirit of God and converted at a Salvation Army penitential form. Six months afterwards we see him, as in our picture, off to the Training Home, his mother giving him her blessing and bidding him "Farewell!"

Worthy of Imitation.

That offering of his son by the Father was very real and very noble. True, it was not on level with the high Alpine peak of Abraham's proffered sacrifice, but it was on the level of the mountain range of his only boy. The sacrifice was deliberately presented; it was manifestly the outcome of simple faith, and that it was a sacrifice to distress and pain in a remarkable manner. The holy fire of conviction fell on the lad—he was brought to his senses, and to salvation, and to home; called to the war, accepted for it, and in it he is fighting to-day. From the beginning to the end—so far as we have got—anyway—the offering of the old folks was a beautiful and divine transaction, and I heartily commend it to the consideration and imitation of those fathers and mothers in the Army who to-day are keeping back their children, instead of pushing them out for the war.

Thinking too Much.

And yet, as a sacrifice, I cannot, after all, quite bring myself to see that it was as good as the offering of the people of the world—those whom we look down upon as poor, selfish creatures—are doing every day of their lives. Christian people—and we Salvationists among them—are, I fancy, often apt to greatly overestimate the value of the sacrifices we make in the labor we perform. Don't the men of the world give their precious things to their gods? Nay, do they not give their very best? And in doing so, do they not, in some respects, put us to shame?

A Glance Backwards.

Forty-seven years ago my mother—and she was a widow in peculiarly painful circumstances—gave me her best blessing, and bade me farewell as I went forth to make my way in London. I think I see her dear, tearful face while I write this, telling of the anguish she felt at the parting, and the anxious fears she could not repress for the future of her only son, amidst

the temptations and snares he was to encounter in the great city. But as to the suffering my going away entailed on her, she reasoned, "The boy must do something for his future welfare, and now that I am in London appeared the providential spot at the moment, and so, I believe without a murmuring thought, she kissed me and let me go.

The Danger of the Sea.

How many in America every month send forth husbands and sons to encounter the dangers of the ocean? They have hearts that realize the separation involved as fully, and they feel it as keenly, as Salvation parents can possibly do; but they say, "This is our life—something must be done for daily bread. Providence has marked out this dangerous business for us, and we must not shrink the fulfillment of our duty."

All for Gold.

A gentleman residing in West Africa was the other day enquiring why we did not send out a Salvation force to these regions, saying that thousands upon thousands of natives who were being year by year perverted and swallowed up by the Mohammedans, and describing what a splendid chance there was for the Army, to which I replied by saying something about the climate. "Yes," he responded, "the climate is all right, but men go there to make money." He might have added that where the worldlings went for gold, the Salvationists should be willing to go for souls.

The Battleground.

Then there is the horrid trade of war, for when all has been said in its defence that can be said, it is a horrid business. But do not parents give up their sons, and women their husbands, to take part in the slaughter of their fellows, although they know full well that to those husbands and sons it will probably mean sickness, or imprisonment, or wounds, or death? Talk about risks in a Salvation leader's life! Talk about risks in a Salvation leader's life! Talk about risks in a killing army—they are all to be compared—and yet how uncomplainingly the children of this world surrender their best beloved of their families to the business!

Why, Oh, Why?

No! I cannot exactly understand the hesitancy with which some of our Salvationist fathers and mothers hold back their sons and daughters from Officership in the Salvation War, or how they can thus hold back themselves. Is not the holding-back spirit—the spirit which prevents a man from going into the battle's front—nearly akin to that which prevents a man from running away from them when they are already there? Is it not either because they have lost their first love or never had very much love for anyone but themselves?

Be Careful.

True, every Soldier is not called to be an Officer; all are not born, or converted, to lead. Gifts and qualifications vary. Some are fitted by Nature and Training and Grace to see the cause of Christ and advance the interests of the Army more effectively in the work behind the scenes. But all ought to be willing to fill the part if wanted. Perfection is reached in this respect when a soldier says, "Here I am. Look at me. I am a man of ability, examine my talents and put me where you think I can be of the greatest service to my Lord."

Or, on the other hand, a man should measure himself and listen to the voice of misery calling to him from without, and the voice of peace calling to him from within, and, being persuaded in his own mind, strive for a position to which he believes himself called, and so go ahead to reach the prize which Christ will give in the day of His coming to all those who have suffered and toiled for His sake.

How Can We Tell?

But when we come to reckoning up what will be a pleasant and a profitable life for the future, for whom among us can decide? The Prophet says, "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Was right! In this respect how often do we err! We are not evil-doers, but at the best we know not what shall be on the morrow.

Our War Cry Warriors Record.

Brigadier Bennett Leads the Hussars, but Pugmire Leads the Sales—East Ontario Growing Fearful, While Easterners are Confident.

TOTALS THIS WEEK: MISTAKES, 134; SALES, 7,163.

EAST ONTARIO.

Husslers, 42, 1—	Sales, 2,127.
Sergt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	169
Ensign Walker, Belleville	159
Capt. French, Toronto	150
(av. 2 wks)	126
Capt. M. Hill, St. Albans, Vt.	126
Sergt. J. Verner, Ottawa	124
Capt. French, Toronto	87
Capt. Chappell, Renfrew	70
Capt. McCall, St. Albans, Vt.	70
Lieut. Dawson, Deseronto	65
Mrs. Bumble, Trenton	65
Lieut. N. Carter, Newport	62
Capt. N. McManney, Newport	62
Maud Dine, Kingston	55
Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston	55
Capt. Norman, Pembroke	53
Adj. B. Blackburn, Cornwall	50
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	50
Mrs. Hamilton, Ottawa	49
Lieut. LaLond, Pembroke	49
Lieut. Owen, Brighton	38
Capt. Connors, Port Hope	31
(wks)	31
Mary Suddard, Kingston	31
Bro. Stone, Peterboro	35
Capt. Connors, Port Hope	35
Capt. Chappell, Renfrew	33
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	30
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Capt. Williams, Port Hope	27
(wks)	27
Emma Watkins, Kingston	25
Maud Dine, Kingston	25
Sergt. C. G. Morrison, Kingston	25
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	25
Capt. Crego, Trenton	25
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro	24
Sergt. C. G. Morrison, Kingston	24
N. McManney, Kingston	23
S. Dolphin, Kingston	23
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	23
Edith Clark, Kingston	22
Mrs. Sturmeys, Picton	20
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20
Cand. M. Jake, Ottawa	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Husslers, 37, 1—	Sales, 2,411.
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown	208
Capt. Jackson, Yarmouth	200
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax	163
Sergt. McQueen, North Sydney	110
Sergt. V. C. McKenna, St. John	110
Cadet Maggie Melkie, St. John	100
Lieut. Annie Hutt, St. Stephen	96
Adj. A. L. Adams, St. Stephen	96
Mrs. Annie Martin, St. Stephen	90
Sergt. Major Morrison, Glace Bay	84
J. S. Sergt. C. Vaughan, Charlottetown	82
(wks)	82
Lieut. Clark, Windsor	75
Cadet Eliza Melkie, St. John	70
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	67
Sergt. C. Crane, Fredericton	65
Mrs. Ensign Creighton, Spring Hill	53
Capt. J. D. Clark, Fredericton	50
Bro. W. C. McKenna, St. John	45
Capt. Jennings, Chatham	45
Sergt. A. Lyons, Fredericton	44
Ensign Graham, Yarmouth	40
Sergt. E. W. Soper, St. John	37
Cadet Rachel Payne, St. John	40
Sergt. Read, St. John	40
Ensign Creighton, Spring Hill	40
Sergt. E. W. Soper, St. John	37
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	35
Sergt. McDonald, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks)	32
Mrs. M. P. McKenna, St. John	30
Mrs. Pitt, Spring Hill	27
Mother English, Chatham	25
Minnie Smith, Windsor	25

THE EAST.

Brigadier Pugmire.] [Crys, 8,031.

EASTERN NOTES.

I have just accompanied Brigadier Pugmire and family and Adjutant DeBrisay as far as Halifax for their way to the Bermudas. They go for an official tour. The adjutant is a well-known rest for the Provincial Officer. We predict for them times of blessing and power, and sincerely hope the Brigadier will also be benefited physically.

The farewell meeting at No. 1 was an inspiring time. No. 2 and Dartmouth, as well as the officers of the Shetler and Rescue Corps, in the city were present. The writer was welcomed back to an old battleground and the "Bermuda Party" farewelled. Officers and soldiers pledged loyalty to God and the Flag during the absence of the Provincial Officers, and a man knelt at the Cross. Ensign Mil-

Sergt. Chieftel, North Sydney	25
M. P. Deaston, St. John	22
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	22
Capt. Green, Ebsary	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Southern Section.	
Husslers, 23, 1—	Sales, 713.
Cand. Mrs. Skeddin, Hamilton 1.	100
Sergt. Jones, Hamilton 1.	60
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	44
Sergt. Mary Bowers, Lisgar	40
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	38
Sergt. Major Bowler, Lisgar	35
Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	33
Ensign Attwell, Riverside	30
Sister Simpson, Yorkville	30
(wks)	30
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Yorkville	25
(av. 2 wks)	25
Bro. Geo. Stevens, Riverside	25
Mrs. Gills, Yorkville (av. 2 wks)	25
Capt. Lewis, Oshawa	25
Sergt. Case, Hamilton 1.	25
Sergt. May Donaldson, Lisgar	25
Chas. C. Gooda, Social Farm (av. 2 wks)	23
(wks)	23
Lieut. Marshall, Oshawa	22
Sergt. Potter, Hamilton 1.	20
Sergt. Thatcher, Hamilton 1.	20
Uncle George, Hamilton 1.	20

Northern Section.

Husslers, 4, 1—	Sales, 146.
Capt. Slater, Orillia	40
Lieut. Mainland, North Bay	38
Sister Lycker, Orillia	38
Capt. McCann, North Bay	33

WEST ONTARIO.

Husslers, 17, 1—	Sales, 918.
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Capt. Fred Young, London	110
Sergt. F. Smith, Wallaceburg	70
Ensign Scott, Sarnia	70
Lieut. Hookin, Sarnia	70
Treas. M. Wilson, Tilbury	70
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	42
Mrs. Ensign McKenna, Stratford	40
Capt. Cockerill, St. Thomas	35
Bro. Norfolk, London	31
Sergt. C. K. Kibben, Stratford	30
Sergt. Fred Palmer, London	30
Mary Jane Fritchley, Listowel	30
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	26
Sergt. C. K. Kibben, Stratford	24
Annie Thompson, Sarnia	24
Lieut. Gatzke, Listowel	20

PACIFIC.

Husslers, 6, 1—	Sales, 625.
M. Lewis, Victoria	160
Sergt. C. G. McKenna (av. 4 wks)	82
Capt. Scott, Billings	82
Mrs. Ayre, Victoria	82
Sergt. Major Fenice, Great Falls.	82
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	82

NORTH-WEST.

Husslers, 5, 1—	Sales, 233.
Lieut. B. Clark, Brandon	98
Lieut. Anderson, Larimore	60
Lieut. Anderson, Minnesota	32
Sergt. M. B. Blaney, Brandon	28
Sister K. Johnson, Brandon	25

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Husslers, 1, 1—	Sales, 30.
Maud Preston, Twillingate	30

ler's baby was also dedicated to God and the war.

Friday was announced as a special holiness meeting. The rain came in torrents, but there was a new presence and three sought cleansing for which we give Jesus all the glory. Adjutant Alphenred reports several souls on Sunday.

Saturday night it rained again. We were at Halifax 17, for the night. We had a good crowd in spite of the weather, and a number of comrades testified to God's inspiring power since the writer farewelled several years ago young woman who had never sought God before volunteered for salvation.

I spent Sunday at Dartmouth, where we had a nice time from knee-drill till the final hour. Several were deeply convicted, but we could not persuade any to yield to the claims of God. Ensign and Mrs. Miller and Ensign Beckstead rendered valuable assistance in the meetings here.

One pleasing feature of my visit to this old battleground of seven years ago was the great number of old

comrades at all the corps who have stood by the Flag through thick and thin, and are to-day bright, happy and useful. Salvation.

I am now on the train hurrying along to Provincial Headquarters where a pile of work awaits me during the absence of the Provincial Officer. But through God I shall conquer. I have just passed Trent where the officers met me at the depot and informed me of the return to the field. Some of the warriors who will again take his stand at the front will be there. We are going on to win—T. H. Collier.

Halifax II.—The Lord is blessing our labors here. Souls are getting saved. All the soldiers are in for victory. Adjutant Dowell and Captain Major Edwards gave us a helping hand the past week. The power of God was clearly felt in our meetings on Sunday, and two souls came to the Cross. —Ensign Ebsary and Captain Green.

Moncton.—On Sunday night Ensign Edwards delivered an address to young people, and the new, which four young men and one woman gave to the Saviour. Monday night the meeting was led by Mrs. Edwards, and four others were started for heaven.—J. M. Hayman, Captain.

Halifax I.—On Thursday night we had Brigadier Pugmire and family as Major Collier with us. Big crowds and one soul. The Brigadier and family are on their way to Bermuda. Also the Ensign, in the morning, and at 11 o'clock of Ensign and Mrs. Miller. Major Collier led the meeting on Friday night. Three souls, and on Sunday five souls for the day. Praise God—Treasurer Casbin.

Glace Bay.—On Friday night we had our first meeting at our outpost, Dominion No. 1. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather we had a large crowd. The Lord is sending us a cordial welcome to Dominion. We are now reinforced by Brother J. Cameron and Brother Curnew, from the Glasgow, Glasgow, and good musicians, and with the other comrades who play for Jesus we have a baby brass band at Glace Bay. Praise, praise in what we want. Lord help us to get them.—L. Penny, Ensign.

Woodstock, N. B.—The week's warfare in brief has been as follows: Sunday, funeral of our dear comrade, James Finnamore, large attendance. Monday, in the morning, and at 11 o'clock, a musical meeting. Tuesday, somewhat out of the rut, a census meeting. Wednesday, soldiers' meeting. Thursday, Push talked of the summer war in the open-air, camp stools, a musical brigade, etc. Thursday, Adjutant Creighton, from Fredericton, came up to the city. Friday, Adjutant gave a sketch of his career before conversion. Wound up with a maple candy cee. Saturday, an unusual free-association meeting. The meeting in the Fountain. Halleshuh—F. E. S.

St. Stephen, N. B.—We are having some real good meetings. Praise the Lord. Since last report we were much helped by a visit from our comrade, Ensign Push, and Adjutant Creighton and wife. Everyone glad to see them, and hope they will come again soon. We mean to fight for Jesus in the battle, Annie Hutt.

St. Stephen.—Victory through the Blood, is our battle cry. Prayer and faith is bringing the glory down. Mrs. Creighton with us all day yesterday, also a minister on the platform in the afternoon. It was a day of refreshing to those who were there.—Lieutenant A. Martin.

South Ontario Section.

Staff-Captain Hargrave.] [Crys, 2,230.

Temple.—Sunday, good day all day. Good meetings, interest increasing. Band all day, rendered good service up to the end of the afternoon. Open-air, and big marches. One soul at night.

Social Farm.—We have had a lively week. Monday, lecture on "Happiness." Wednesday, magic lantern service by Capt. Cummins. Thursday, lecture on "Work." In the afternoon the independence of the Farm corps was started by a collection of \$1. At night three baptisms were held in the Fountain. Praise God.—Chas. C. Gooda.

Social Farm.—Wednesday night we had Capt. Stolliker in Indian costume, describing the customs of India, and Salvation Army work among the natives. Sunday afternoon one soul came to the Cross and to the Lord in the evening meeting that God had forgiven him.—Chas. C. Gooda.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

TOUGH FIGHTING AT ST. JOE'S
ILL, Nfld.

Knee-drill and holiness meeting proved a source of strength to us. It was there God came very near. In the afternoon we gathered together for the meeting everything seemed discouraging. The people would not come to the barracks. Hundreds of citizens high and low were sending their way to a Mount called Signal Hill, miles out of the city. We knew there was but one thing left for us to do, that was to go to them if they would not come to us. We formed up in line, eight in all, and marched with flying colors to the Mount, took our stand in the midst of the people. We told them, as they were aware, it was on a Mount where Christ preached that never-to-be-forgotten sermon, and that we had also come to the Mount to tell them He still lives and waits to save them from their sins. Then came the dear old song, "We are banished from the pure and holy." Prayers followed, then the War Cry was announced, a number sold. The collection followed by a solo from Cadet, Richards, "Behold what Jesus has done." Chorus, "They crucified Him, they nailed Him to the tree." Then a crowd of soldiers came round and tried to upset us by throwing snow balls with stones in them. Many of the people received blows as well as we. One soldier got his lip cut, which caused the blood to flow freely. Cadets Hickman and Richards received hard blows in the face and eyes, while one soldier kept them blind in one eye, but like Nelson they made good use of the other. This is the first meeting on this island, but not likely to be the last. My word, those Cadets, although females, stood true to their guns. One of the men of the Mount said they did not say in word, Mr. Editor, they did in action, that they would rather go into the Kingdom of heaven fighting only than a crowd of soldiers into hell with two. They are anxious to go again next Sunday.—J. Gosling, for the Cadets.

Twillingate.—Twenty-five out for salvation and three for purity and power since last report.—MCR.

Brigus.—Thirty precious souls this last week have come to God and are rejoicing in their new-found Saviour. We have had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp and little Eva, also Ensign Cave, who are all blessing to us. Brigadier enrolled five recruits. We have gone over our target for the Siege. To God we give all the glory.—Ostland, M. Clouston.

This Cove.—We are having good meetings. God is helping and blessing us. Since the Siege started sixty-five souls sought and found pardon. Sunday was a day of victory. God was with us in prayer. We celebrated the Sabbath with sixteen souls for the day. As we danced the stove and pipes came down in our midst. We are going on to win. —D. Moulton, for Ensign Newman.

Bay Roberts.—We are rising. The past week we have had a visit from our Provincial Officers, Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, accompanied by Ensign Gough, also Eva Sharp. Nine souls sought Jesus. Twenty-five recruits were added to the permanent roll, and lots of other good things happened. Ensign Gough, who is a very good man and we look back upon it with joy. Over sixty new names were added to the converts roll, and still they come. The Siege must be short and hard on us, but it is work we get richly paid for. Abundance of joy.—Captain E. Hisecock, Lieutenant N. Hopkins, Lieutenant C. Follett.

THE NORTH-WEST.

Major McMillan.] [Crys, 3,336.

Some Got In, Some Got Half Way In,
Some Had to Stay Out.

Yes, the Commissioner has been here, and the meeting beat everything that has ever been to Rat Portage. Some are in the neighborhood, some are in the church that is built to accommodate 800, and as many outside. Rat Portage knows how to give reception in proper good style. He had the Commissioner down for some extra meetings, but when Major McMillan gets across of coast Highway, with us. He introduced speech brought the house down. His lesson was Zaccueus, and was aptly illustrated. All say, come again, Adjutant—Ina Groom, R.S. C. r.

when Mr. Adjutant Stanton appeared on the scene, although not quite so big as the Major, yet her weight with the Major's knocked me completely out, and Wilkins was tired. Then I thought that discretion was the better part of valor, but it won't be the last time the Commissioner will visit Rat Portage. The meeting drew 100-40 for the Klondike Fund. Everything went beautiful. No one was disappointed—only they came too late to get in, and some of those were hanging half in and the other half out of the windows. To God be all the glory.—A. Wilkins, Captain.

Lisbon, N. D.—We are still pressing onward with the sword of God in hand. Captain and Mrs. Westcott arrived to help on the war. One soul in the Fountain. Praise God!—Cora Russell.

Brandon.—Thursday night Ensign Branigan said good-bye and left on the midnight train for Regina. Morning good all day on Sunday. A dear little girl came out and gave herself unreservedly to Jesus. Our new converts are getting along splendidly. To God be all the glory.—Trifritia.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.—Ensign Bob Smith with us for three meetings. One slated volunteered. On Sunday night I had a blessed time when two more came to the Mercy Seat. God bless them. Your humble servant danced a little jig, and the Captain almost got the victory. We are going in to do greater things for God.—Guns to fight, Tom Scott, for Reg. Cor.

THE PACIFIC.

Brigadier Howell.] [Crys, 3,485.

Roseman, Mont.—Since last report we have said good-bye to our former officers and friends and are now on God's blessed time. We believe they are the right stuff. Interest high, crowds increasing. War Cry sold out. Everything on the up-grade.—A soldier.

North Ontario Section.

Staff-Captain Minnie.] [Crys, 2,262.

Sudbury.—War! War!! War!!! Comrades desperate. We won't give in. A slater forward, Victory!—N. R. T.

Feverham.—God is richly blessing us here in Feverham, and we are expecting great things in the near future.—Yours, H. Service, T. E.

Orillia.—It's some time since you heard from this corps. Well, we are not dead nor dying. We are all alive. Three souls this week-end. Good cases. God right in it. Most to follow.—Yours to win, the Slater, Captain.

Midland.—Received my orders for Midland three months ago. Organizing here find the people know how to make one feel at home. Three souls in the past two weeks, as doing well. To God we give the glory.—Lieutenant Crego.

WEST ONTARIO.

Major Southall.] [Crys, 5,282.

Guelph.—Last Thursday night special meeting led by our District Officer, Adjutant Archibald. Three recruits enrolled. No visible results of Sunday's meetings, but praying and believing that God will save.—Jennie Sole.

Listowel.—Since last report we have been "moving on." We have not fallen a victim to the "spring fever," or let the chariot wheels into a "rut." Hal-leluah! Yesterday we wound up jolly happy with two Seniors and four Juniors in the Fountain.—Yours in the battle, Ensign Groom, Captain, Fred Gatzke, Lieutenant.

London.—We had a good week-end. Soldiers fought well. One old gentleman, 78 years of age sought and found God at the 7 o'clock knee-drill. He had been a beer drinker for 40 years, two more after a hard struggle, got set free. Praise God! We are marching on. Our Great Captain leads us on to victory.—Yours, T. Coombs, Adjutant.

Blenheim.—One who was under conviction Sunday night came out Tuesday night and got saved. Thursday we had our new District Officer, Adjutant Hughes, with us. He introduced speech brought the house down. His lesson was Zaccueus, and was aptly illustrated. All say, come again, Adjutant—Ina Groom, R.S. C. r.

MY JOURNAL.

BY THE GENERAL.

NOW FOR BOSTON

Thursday, April 7th.
It was a long and thrilling day's ride from Rochester to the city of Boston, but the end was all at last, and at 9:15 we stepped into the station, outside which a platform had been erected, where an enormous crowd of excited people had gathered, who shouted and sang, and hurrahed, and burned their red fires, and gave utterance in every form they could conceive of, to their joy at seeing the General.

The Mayor, His Honor Josiah Quincy, a gentleman of striking appearance and generous sympathies, was to welcome and present me with the freedom of the city. It was long before the jubilant feelings of the 3,000 or 4,000 people allowed him to proceed, but when sufficient quietness had been obtained, he discharged his duty in a very gentlemanly manner. I followed, reminding that I had been wondering how I could be made an American without ceasing to be an Englishman, but that I thought that Boston had some of the best of the most interesting of the city I could not be far from being a subject of the nation. I told them what I was feeling now, more than the simple truth, how glad I was to see them again.

GOOD FRIDAY.

April 8th.
At 10:30 officers' meetings. A beautiful earnest and willing people.

Ditto.
8:00. The welcome in the Tremont Temple. This is a fine building and we were met by a large number of members of the State of Massachusetts presided, while the Mayor made a strong speech in support of the Army afterwards. Everything was of the most interesting character. I was not the freest and most forcible in my part of the evening's work, still I got said much of what I wanted to say. I was looked upon as a great triumph by my people, and everybody else every-where.

The reports in the Press. I am informed, are, without exception, excellent.

Saturday, April 9th.
3:00. Addressed the students of Harvard University. America has many years of learning of which her sons have expended immense sums of money. Some of them are as yet very young, and although coming very rapidly to the front, as yet, not very well known outside this country. Harvard and Yale are noble institutions, and have a world-wide reputation. Everything was of the most interesting character. It was Saturday afternoon—always a bad time for a Seminary, and being Easter a number of students were away from the friends. We had only about 500 present out of the 2,500 resident at the place. Proclamation of the President of the University, presided, and I tried to do faithfully with my audience, and enjoyed the meeting. Judging by the applause, I think the bulk of my hearers did the same.

8:00. An excellent soldiers' meeting.

EASTER SUNDAY—THE MECHANICS' HALL.

April 10th.
10:30. The Mechanics' Hall is an immense affair, too large for anything like free and easy speech. I looked in at the preliminary services, and was gasped at the prospect of having to make three addresses to the huge assembly within its walls. However, the task had been set, and I must do it.

9:00. The crowd is already gathering.

10:30. I am on the platform with my favorite song, "Cleansing for me."

11:00. I have commenced my address—a few different parts of the address are being read and passed out. What is the reason of this, you may be heard? Some answer one thing and some another—all very indistinct, but I convey the impression that I am loud enough, whereupon I pitched my voice in a louder key, and nobody else moves. My text is, "For this purpose the Son of God manifested Himself, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

11:45. I invite any who want the works of the devil to be destroyed out of their hearts to come to the front—and ask everybody to pray.

12:45. The number has been made into 34 for the first meeting.

3:00. We had three times as many people as the previous meeting. The word ran like fire, and 21 responded.

8:00. More people still. I have never felt more conscious of the presence of the Master. The people felt it too, and 30 acknowledged it. At the penitent form—making 84 for the day. It was a memorable day, being not only the anniversary of the resurrection of my Master, but of the day in which I came into the world. It was my 62nd birthday. From all parts of the world messages assured me the undying love, and loyalty of comrades, but nothing gave me greater pleasure than to know that it was still my happy privilege to be the means of bringing lost sinners to God. I retired to rest that night after one of the hardest days' work of a lifetime, weary in, but not weary of, the work of God.

Monday, April 11th.
10:30. Ministerial meeting in the Lord's Hall. 500 present. At the close a resolution expressing appreciation and approval of my talk, and conveying the thanks of all present for my blessed and unanimously passed, and thereby closed the campaign. It has been no little harmed by my coming on the holiday time. But taken all in all, it has been one of the happiest and I hope most useful of my life. GOD BLESS BOSTON!

PHILADELPHIA.

Monday, April 11th.
5:55 p.m. Left Boston at 6 in the evening. Arrived Philadelphia at 12:30 the following morning. This city has a population of about a million people, growing continually; is full of churches and organizations, and is contemplating the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. That is, after all, but taken all in all, it has been one of the happiest and I hope most useful of my life. GOD BLESS BOSTON!

Tuesday, April 12th.
8:00. First meeting in the Academy of Music. An admirably-proportioned and beautifully-decorated building, and an immense area, and three galleries, full in every part. The meeting was prevented presiding by sickness, but his place was taken by Rev. Dr. Chapman, a minister of this city, and said to be one of the most prominent ministers in the United States. On the platform were many other leading men. We had what appeared to me to be a magnificent meeting. Everybody was carried away with enthusiasm, and I think Bishop Grant in a few eloquent and original statements expressed the feelings of the crowd.

Wednesday, April 13th.
We had three meetings—two in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and one in the same building as the previous evening. They were excellent for congregations, for influence, for power, and for results. 127 came to the penitent form for the day, one of the last of whom was the prodigal son, a popular English minister, who fell down prostrate, and was, I hope, soundly converted to God.

Thursday, April 14th.
The Commander is sick with his old enemy, Indian Fever. This is rather awkward, and more so, as it looks like a severe and a severe and a bad. We are commending him to God.

10:30 a.m. Pastors' meeting. Over 200 of the leading ministers of the city were present. I talked to the heart of my heart as usual, and the words were received in the spirit in which they were intended, and at the close nearly every man in the place shook hands with me, and thanked me for the inspiration my address had been to them.

8:00. A number of the leading officers and soldiers and leading citizens bid us farewell, and with tears and prayers, and allelujahs we steamed down the river, and out of the depot.

Friday, April 15th.
After seventeen hours' journey we arrived at Troy at 1:30. Spent the day in correspondence and preparation for the New York campaign.

8:00. Floods of rain had been falling all day, which was doubtless, with our audience, still we had a good crowd and a good meeting.

11:00. We are again on board the train, hoping this time to reach Buffalo.

(To be Continued.)

Helps for J. S. Workers.

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER AND THE SICK WOMAN.

Mark v, 23-43.

THE narrative recorded here is very familiar and easy to picture, hence it is very important that the teaching and truth underlying the history be made clear and plain. Jesus had just passed over the Sea of Galilee, from the country of the Gadarenes, where He had cast the unclean spirits out of the man who dwelt among the tombs, and no sooner had He absorbed than one of the rulers of the Synagogue, Jairus by name, came to him, fell at his feet, and

Besought Him Greatly

to come and lay His hand upon his little sick daughter, that she might be healed. There are one or two points of interest here concerning the character of Jesus, which must not be overlooked:

(a) In going to help one sinner, He paused to heal another. Verse 25.
(b) He never grew weary of helping and blessing mankind.
(c) He improved the time by acts of love and mercy. Moments were too precious to be wasted.

How anxious Jairus was that Jesus should come at once, his tears were so true that he wept like the one who would die. His faith is tremulous, and he wanted to have Jesus touch his daughter.

While this is passing, a poor woman in her last extremity seeks Jesus. Everything has failed to bring the cure to her dear child. Doctors pronounced her incurable, and she was getting worse. She hears of the fame of Jesus, and determines that if she can get through the crowd she will touch the hem of his garment, believing that she will be made whole.

Christ wanted to teach them the lesson of faith, and the crowd who follow Him. How Jairus would feel when Jesus paused to find out who had touched Him.

Every Moment Involved Life or Death.

The hindrance caused by this poor woman prepared Jairus to trust Jesus, and was an evidence to those in the crowd of his universal sympathy. The difficulties of the women were very great, but the great need she was in caused her to put aside her timidity. Necessarily knows no law.

She Broke Down Every Barrier.

Her touch was a confiding touch. She flings herself upon the Almighty in this last Helper, and she is rewarded. In a moment He has done what all others had failed to do. What is Jesus asking? Verse 30. He has turned round. His eye is upon her. Nah, I fell down before Him and openly confessed all. Jesus called her out to make her understand that it was not because she had touched His garment that she was made whole, but that her faith had touched His power and love. She went away whole of her plague.

We Now Return to Jairus.

Messengers have brought the sad news that the child had died. When Jesus heard this He said, "Be not afraid, only believe." There is no difference to Him whether the child is dead or alive. When He arrived at the house the mourners were already there. See II. Chron. xxxv, 25, and Jer. ix, 17-20. Now He stands by the bed. There the lifeless body—here its Maker and Redeemer. He speaks. She rises and walks. They were astonished.

He Commanded Them to Give Her Something to Eat.

The miraculous stopped at raising the girl to God, never doing for any man what he can do for himself. Where man's power ends the power of God begins.

There is need of the same power of God to-day to work miracles. The boys and girls who attend the company meetings should be made to feel that spiritually they are dead, and only in Jesus can they find life. No moral reformation is of any avail. The evil is in the heart, but that is no difference to Him who sees the heart. Strive to lead the children into the truth, and help their faith by giving some illustrations of the power of God to save.

Memory Text.

"All things are possible to him that believeth."

New Glasgow comrades are about to make a new barracks.

SONGS OF SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

In View of the Cross.

Tunes.—Faith's ascent (B.J. 55, 1); Come, comrades dear (B.B. 9); Woughbough (B.J. 163, 1); Praise (B.J. 143, 1).

1 I gaze upon Thy sacred Cross, And with Thee suffer every loss, And lose my life in God. Lord, cleanse me now from inbred sin, And keep me, by Thy power within, Forever 'neath the Blood.

I want Thy holy presence here, To cast out doubt, and self, and fear, And save me from my sin. Too long the evil mastered me, O blessed Lord, now set me free, And make me clean within.

My hours and moments shall be Thine, Naught that I have now call I mine; All, all to Thee I give. My present and my future life, Are Thine for toil and sacrifice, For Thee alone I'll live.

◆ ◆ ◆

Blessed Choice.

Tune.—With panting heart (B.J. 6).

2 O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, Whittle to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am the Lord's and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess His voice Divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; Nor ever from Thy Lord depart, With Him of every good possessed.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

◆ ◆ ◆

Constrained by His Love.

Tune.—'Twas His dying love (M.S. V. 162).

3 'Twas His dying love for me on the Cross of Calvary, 'Twas the dying love of Jesus, 'Twas His dying set me free.

Chorus.

Only Jesus I will know, Only Jesus I will know, 'Twas His dying love to me, Broke my heart and set me free.

When He hung upon the tree, in grief and agony,

When I heard Him cry, "Tis finished," then I knew He died for me.

Even now I feel Him near, and His presence me doth cheer, For amidst the clouds and darkness, blessed Jesus, He is near.

When death's shady vale is nigh, and I have to my good-bye, I shall not be alone, for He will be with me, I shall reign with Him on high.

◆ ◆ ◆

Remember the Judgment Day.

Tune.—Prepare me (B.J. 2).

4 Your garments must be white as snow, Prepare to meet your God! For to His throne you'll have to go; Prepare to meet your God!

Chorus.

Prepare me, prepare me, Lord! Prepare me to stand before Thy throne.

Get washed from every stain of sin; Prepare to meet your God! You must God's great salvation win; Prepare to meet your God!

Prepare me now, prepare me here, To stand before Thy throne; That I, without a doubt or fear, May stand before Thy throne.

Lord, cleanse my heart and make me pure, To stand before Thy throne; My pride, and self, and temper cure, To stand before Thy throne.

Now is the Day of Salvation.

Tune.—Would you know why I love Jesus?

5 Sinner, won't you come to Jesus— He so long has called for thee? In the precious crimson Fountain You can now find liberty.

Chorus.

Come just now, while Jesus calls you— Come with all my load of sin; He will free you of your burden, Give you joy and peace within.

Think how much the Saviour suffered, When He died on Calvary! Yet how patiently He bore it, That the world might be set free.

Sinner, make a start for heaven— Never mind how bad you've been; If you come in true repentance Jesus Christ will take you in.

◆ ◆ ◆

Wanderer, Come Home!

Tunes.—Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45, 3); Calcutta (B.J. 2, 2); Out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2).

6 You have left your Father's dwelling, Far away in sin you roam; Prigdal, your heart is swelling, When you think of those at home.

Oh, remember, God, your Father, whispers "Come!" Prigdal, come back to Jesus, Leave the land of doubt and sin, All the past will be forgiven, Jesus waits to take you in.

He will welcome, He will wash and make you clean.

Look! the Father waits to bring you To His heart and love again; Runs to meet you in compassion, Waits to wash away the stain.

Come to meet Him; He will banish all your pain.

◆ ◆ ◆

CONSECRATION SONG.

I Will Follow Jesus.

Tune.—I'll follow Thee (B.J. 145).

7 I heard a voice so softly calling, "Take up thy cross and follow Me," A tempest on my heart was falling, A living cross this was to be.

I stood sure, I struggled vainly, No other light my eyes could see.

Chorus.

I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver, I'll follow Thee, suffering Redeemer, I'll follow Thee, my Father's love, By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

The world was cold, and vain its pleasure; My weary heart saw all was drear; It heaped on me its smiles with measure.

I looked, to find each leaf was scar; And sick, and weary, heaven laden, I dreamt I saw my help was near.

I saw the poor, the maimed, the lowly, Look to Jesus, look and live; I felt a wish to be made holy, I knew that He would be forgiving;

I stood afar, I hastened onward, I heard His voice, "My peace I'll give."

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawling. Meetings good, cases of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will be believed, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. Hill.

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawling. Meetings good, cases of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will be believed, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. Hill.

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawling. Meetings good, cases of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will be believed, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. Hill.

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawling. Meetings good, cases of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will be believed, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. Hill.

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawling. Meetings good, cases of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will be believed, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. Hill.

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawling. Meetings good, cases of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will be believed, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. Hill.

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawling. Meetings good, cases of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will be believed, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. Hill.

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawling. Meetings good, cases of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will be believed, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. Hill.

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawling. Meetings good, cases of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will be believed, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. Hill.



To Parents, Relations and Friends—

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe, and for any person who, if possible, wronged, women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert St., Toronto, Canada, and mark inquiry on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and Friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—♦—♦—♦—

3022. THOMAS McCRAWERY. Late of Lisbon, Ireland. Age about 26. Left Ireland in 1892 for New York. If possible, to have gone to Canada. Address whereabouts to S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3023. JOSEPH LISMORE. Was discharged from the Royal Marines. Last heard of in 1894 in Esquimaux. Address whereabouts to S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3024. GEORGE CHILPOT. Last known address 11 Maple St., London, Ont. Will hear something to his advantage. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3025. DANIEL RUFF. Last known address was 1813 St. John, Ranelagh, P. O., Norfolk Co., Wingham, Ont. Where he was employed in a cheese factory. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3026. JOSEPH MOONEY. Who left St. John, Nfld., in 1894. In 1895, when last heard of was in London, Eng. Address whereabouts to 4 Brazill Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, or Inquiry, Toronto.

3028. NELSON HENRY MUIR HEAD. Thirteen years since he went away from Innisfail, near Barrie, Ont. Age 37, medium height, sandy complexion, auburn hair. Was in the lumber business at Saginaw about 15 years ago. Is thought to be somewhere in the States. Mother much concerned. Any person who can give any information as to his whereabouts any time during the thirteen years, kindly address Inquiry, Toronto.

◆ ◆ ◆

3044. THOMAS STUBBS. An Englishman. Tall, dark, and a little deaf. About 40 years of age. His wife and family are very anxious about him and are in want. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

◆ ◆ ◆

3045. ANDREW J. OIRMONE. Last heard of in Glenora, Newfoundland. In 1895, dark eyes, quite bald, scar on cheek, age about 52, Englishman. When leaving Glenora spoke of going to Winnipeg, Man. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3046. MICHAEL or JOHN WOODS. Formerly from Canada, last heard from in Brooklyn, New York. By making his whereabouts known will be to his advantage. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3047. MICHAEL PATSEY and JOHN REEDY. Left Waterford, Ireland, for New Brunswick, N.B., and Michael were farmers, and would be near 40 years of age. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3048. THOMAS or JAMES KANE. Left Brandon, County Derry, Ireland, about 25 years ago for Cincinnati, Ohio. The daughter of Samuel Kane is anxious to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

In the last twenty-five years the average woman's life has increased from nearly forty-two to nearly forty-six years.

Nine months' solitary confinement will, doctors state, produce melancholia, suicidal mania and loss of reason.

The Norwegian law prohibits a person from spending more than twopenny halfpenny at one visit to a public house.

In the little German principality of Waldeck a decree has been passed proclaiming that a license to marry will not be granted to any person in the habit of getting drunk.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST A would do well to write to Territorial Bank, 100 Queen Street West, Toronto, for particulars regarding loans on real estate security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from BRANT-GRANGE BANKERS, 97, James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the

OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Great Britain and Ireland routes on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to BRANT-GRANGE BANKERS, 97, James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

To those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Great Britain and Ireland routes on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to BRANT-GRANGE BANKERS, 97, James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Diamond Dust.

WHEN YOU MISS THE MARK,
SATAN LIES.

WINES FROM THE WOOD ARE
WHINES IN THE BUD.

THE MAN WHO PRAYS MOST
GENERALLY GETS MOST PRAISE.

THE DOOR OF THE HEAVENLY
HOME HAS ITS PORTAL ON
EARTH.

DON'T SAY YOU FIND RELIGION
SWEET UNLESS YOU FIND SIN
BITTER.

A PRAYERLESS CHRISTIAN
SOON BECOMES A CARELESS
CHRISTIAN.

RELIGION WOULD GO FARTHER
IF FATHERS WOULD GO WITH
RELIGION.

SPELLING GOD WITH A CAPITAL
G DOES NOT MAKE YOU A CHRIST-
IAN.

KEEP IN THE NARROW WAYS
OR YOU MAY SOON GET IN A
NARROW MAZE.

A SWIFT FOOT DOES NOT AVOID
THE MAN WHO IS FLEEING FROM
HIMSELF.

IF YOU STAND MUCH AT THE
BAR YOU MAY PRESENTLY
STAND IN THE DOCK.

YOU MAY PRAY FOR EVERY-
THING YOU WANT, BUT YOU
NEED NOT WANT EVERYTHING.

BEFORE YOU GO TO THE HOUSE
OF GOD, GO FIRST TO THE GOD
OF THE HOUSE.

THE MAN WHO NEEDS MERCY
MOSBY IS THE MAN WHO HAS NO
MERCY ON HIMSELF.

SALVATION MAKES THE SLAVE
A KING, BUT THE WANT OF IT
MAKES THE KING A SLAVE.

GRIEF SOMETIMES DRIVES A
MAN TO DRINK, BUT DRINK AL-
WAYS BRINGS A MAN TO GRIEF.

NOTHING COMPENSATES FOR
THE LOSS OF GOD, BUT GOD COM-
PENSATES FOR THE LOSS OF ALL.

CHRIST IS THE LIGHT OF THE
WORLD, SO DON'T DRAW DOWN
YOUR BLINDS AND REMAIN IN
DARKNESS.

CHRIST GAVE UP A CROWN TO
SAVE MEN; BUT MANY A MAN
GIVES UP CHRIST TO SAVE HALF-
A-CROWN.

PRETHINKERS ARE THOSE
WHO HOLD THEMSELVES FREE
NOT TO THINK AT ALL.

A CHRISTIAN OUGHT TO WEAR
THE KIND OF FACE THAT WOULD
BE WORTH GOING TWO MILES TO
SEE.

THE MAN WHO APOLOGISES
FOR HIS CHRISTIANITY IS BUT A
POOR APOLOGY FOR A CHRIST-
IAN.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR SOUL AT
NOTHING, GOD MAY TAKE YOU
AT YOUR OWN VALUATION.

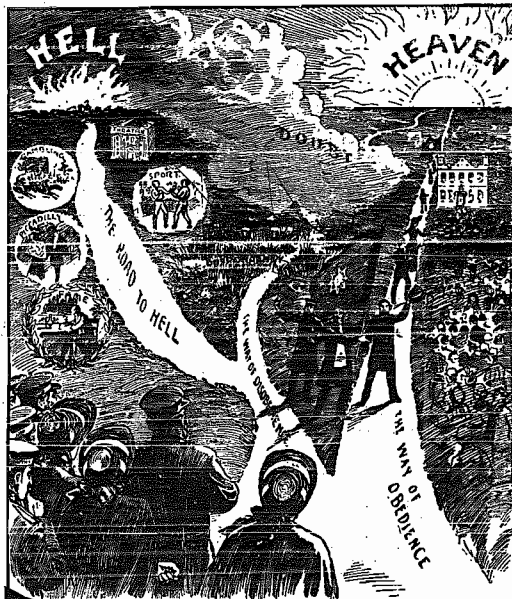
Ensign Adams, formerly of Territorial
Headquarters, has been suddenly called
home to the bedside of his brother, who is
sinking rapidly. The Ensign has the
sympathy of his comrades.

The Ham's Horn of April 23rd, de-
clares a page to a clerk of Brigadier
Alice Lewis, Consul Mrs. Booth-
Tucker's Secretary.

A Call to the Battle's Front.

BY COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

HAVE you heard the voice of weeping,
Have you heard the wail of woe,
Have you seen the fearful reaping
Of a soul that sinks below?
Rouse then, who by Christ are freed,
Heed, oh! heed the world's great need;
To save the lost like Him who saved you,
Forward speed.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS—WHICH WILL THEY TAKE?

At the Altar for Lives many of our Soldiers will be brought to a point in their spiritual lives when they will either have to be Obedient or Disobedient. The Way of Obedience is healthy, useful and straight. The Way of Disobedience is swampy, foggy, long and dangerous, for from it many wander into the Road to Hell.

—The British War Cry.

In the darkest hour remember
Him who on the Cross has died,
So that every captive's fetter
Might be broken, cast aside.
Grip your weapons, soldiers brave,
Forward, dying souls to save,
Fight on, until in every land
Your colors wave.

An Ex-Officer's Lament and Warning.

ADJUTANT COOMBS, in charge of the London corps, had the following handed to him by one who forsook the fight, and her Lord, but who is now restored to His favor, although it is impossible she should be restored to the service she once occupied. She wants her words of heartfelt warning to be the means of preventing any others falling into her disastrous error.

"My heart yearns for the welfare and safety of the Salvation Army officers. What a precious work is this! What a privilege to be winning souls for God, comforting the sorrowing, and being

at liberty to go at their Master's bidding. Other Christians often have weights hindering them from doing the good they feel prompted to do, some are hindered by an unsaved husband, others by many cares at home, but an officer in the Salvation Army is free to go when Christ says "Go." And come when He says "Come." It is truly a glorious calling, but how many alas, have misused it! How very many have felt the direct call from God to go into the world and preach the Gospel; they have even said, "Yes, Lord, I will follow Thee whosoever Thou leadest" have meant it and have run well for a time—but by-and-bye, like Peter, have denied their Lord and Master, stepped down from the place God called them to, having been persuaded that they could take it easy and yet serve God just as well.

Perhaps someone has come along and offered them a good home, which they have accepted, choosing it in-
stead of the self-sacrificing life God would have them lead. They have chosen the "path of ease instead of thorns." It all looked so well, and things went so smoothly for a time, but when it was too late they found they had made a mistake. The appearances were deceptive, and they have realized when the privilege was lost, that through their own fault they have missed one of the greatest callings man or woman could be privileged with.

But, dear comrades, you who feel you have made this mistake, come back to God, and lay your all on the altar, again for Him. He will accept you, though you have grieved Him. He is willing to receive you even as the Father did the Prodigal Son. Begin now to do what you can for God. Although you cannot regain the position you have lost, you can serve God in your present circumstances, and make the best of them although you have woven a net around your feet. God says, "Return, ye backsliding children, I will heal your backslidings and love you freely."

Just a word to you who are fighting as officers in the great Salvation Army. Be true. If God has called you there to fight for Him, do not let anyone persuade you to give up the fight. He knows you meet with many discouragements—I was one with you once—look to God, whence cometh your strength. Don't let the devil persuade you that your health is failing, and that you can serve God just as well in the rank and file. If God calls you into the work, He is not going to call you out again, I do not think—although I do believe many think they are called into the work, but are not, and therefore do not become successful officers—but you whom God has blessed, and who have proved that the call has been direct from God, stick to it. If your health is failing, look to Him for strength. He has promised that as our days, so our strength shall be. Live with an eye single to His glory, and He will sustain you.

Hundreds of officers have started and did run well for a time, but in the hour of trial, God's testing time, they failed. Go to them, ask them if they are contented and happy, if they speak the truth the majority will say "No." My dear comrades, I know whereof I speak, for I have experienced the same. I did not appreciate God's Divine presence and smile until I lost it, and oh, the moments of sadness and despair! What would I not give to-day if I had followed God all the way, but alas, it is too late now, I have woven a net around my feet, I cannot break loose from it.

Again I say, be true. Do not leave the position God has called you to for anything. If you do, you will certainly lose by it.

Thank God I am saved to-day, and determined to make the best of my circumstances. I seek to do my duty. I redeem the time I have lost? I think no. I will be that much that shirt of glory when I get home. Oh, I do not see the means of saving some poor comrade who is about giving up the fight. From one who has experienced it all—An Ex-Officer.

The busiest telephone exchange in the world is in Chicago. It is the Washington Street Exchange, where the daily average is 350,000 messages.

"Tell me," said a friend, suddenly, to the late Lord Tennyson, "what do you think of Jesus Christ?" "The next question to a friend growing close by. What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to me."

Out of one million persons, 998 die from old age, 1,200 from gout, 18,400 from measles, 27,000 from apoplexy, 7,000 from erysipelas, 7,600 from consumption, 45,000 from scarlet fever, 35,000 from whooping cough, 30,000 from typhoid and typhus, and 7,000 from rheumatism.

The Japanese are fond of bathing. In the city Tokio there are 800 public bath-houses in which a person can take a bath, hot or cold, for a sum equal to one cent. Most of the Japanese prefer warm baths, and very likely this is the reason why their complexions are usually clear and spotless.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, 8, A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.